

The Dream Journal of S.K. Deitch



Volume III





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Volume 3

12/29/2020
To
1/1/2022

By
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Preface

After much back and forth with myself I have decided to limit future volumes of my Dream Journal to more or less a single year. It is pretty much for my own convenience of looking up a given dream I don't really have plans for publication of any but volume 1 which covers 8 years.

This volume covers the year of Covid 19 although that didn't seem to influence my dreams a whole lot. In general, real life has been blissfully absent from my dreams and I am 100% fine with that.

My father passed away last year and started appearing in my dreams as my mother did following her passing. It is not that either one of them had never showed up in my dreamscape while they were alive, but they became major players after they were gone. Make of that what you will.

SKD 8/15/2021

12/29/2020

The ticking of the timer on the toaster oven has lulled me to sleep. The bell dings and I snap awake. I open the door of the toaster oven and I see a small machine made entirely from wood. Wooden gears turning, wooden shafts as fine as toothpicks moving back and forth, an intricate little governor spinning at high speed. There is a small board in front of it. On the board is written in cursive pencil a word: "winsomme". I have no idea what it means.

The bell on the toaster oven dings and I snap awake. I open the door and see....hot wings.

1/1/2021

dozed off at my desk

There is a woman in my apartment. She is in her thirties and wearing a diaphanous negligee. She is well put together, I have no complaints, but it seems odd and out of place. I do not generally receive visitors at home. My home is my inner sanctum.

Sex seems to be on the table, but I am more concerned by the unexpected intrusion into my personal space.

I chase her out into the street to find her own way in the cold and damp. I have no guilt. Who the hell is this woman?

1/3/2021

I am at my desk and a small voice calls out to me. "Please sir, a moment?" I look down and see that it is a mouse addressing me. She (the voice seems female) looks very fearful and nervous. I sense that she has somehow drawn the short straw in the contest of who would approach me because I am a most fearful monster.

"Sir if I could have but a word?"

This was such an unusual happening. What could I say? "Of course."

"You have killed so many of us. My own father! Why?"

"Look, I'm sorry about your dad" I seem to know exactly which mouse she is referring to, "But he was getting into my Honey Nut Cheereos! I'm sorry....NO I'm not sorry! Humans are just more important than mice! If you want to live then get out of my house!"

"Sir, there are cats and owls out there!"

"And there is *me* in here! Choose your monster!"

The mouse runs away terrified by my fury.

I don't exactly feel guilt, but I do feel some compassion. To the mice I am this horrible beast who sets traps for them. To me they are a pest who I must control. There can be no peace between us, but I get their position.

I wake.

1/6/2020

This is a little strange. I'm in a basement, or at least it looks like a basement. There are some teenage kids and they are playing a strange game. There is this snake-like structure that seems to be made of 33 gallon drums welded together and supported off the floor about three feet on legs.

The object of the game appears to be to toss a small but powerful magnet as far as you can before it falls and sticks to the structure of drums. The drums lead right to an open door and the person who actually gets a magnet out the door wins.

The kids all have an unidentifiable accent. They are definitely foreign and the point of the game is to somehow prove the superiority of the totalitarian society of their homeland. They offer to let me participate just to make fun of the USA. I admit that particularly right now at this point in history, there is plenty to make fun of, but they succeed in getting my patriotic hackles up.

They hand me a few magnets and start to jeer at me as an "Old American man". I fling one magnet and it goes a little wild but is drawn back to the drums about six feet from the door with a loud clang that resonates inside all of the drums. The throw draws some grudging respect as it has beaten all but two of them. I throw again this time pitching high and it flies right out the door! I pump my fist and shout "U-S-A!!"

They are all just glaring at me because I have spoiled their fun.

1/8/2021

I am alone in a room at a table working at assembling a plastic model kit. The model is of a vaguely Indian looking goddess.

The unpainted plastic is at first a neutral gray color. The figure seems like it will be about eleven inches tall when complete, but as I am working the colors and proportions change.

She is depicted as mostly nude, but draped in jewels and a few streaming veils in a position that makes her appear to be dancing. The model kit contains a selection of arms of which any number can be used. I have chosen six of them. One holds a sword of fire, another a wooden club, another the Earth and another the Sun, another lightning and the other a volcano.

As I have glued the parts together she has grown in size and is now almost four feet tall. Her material has also changed. Most of her seems to be made of bronze, but her veils appear to be made of glass or very translucent stone. Her figure is curvy with broad hips and large breasts. Her waist is narrow, but her lower belly protrudes slightly.

The model is on the floor now and the size of a human being as I start to apply paint. The places that I paint become like real flesh and hair or cloth or jewelry. Wherever I have painted I seem to be no longer allowed to touch.

She grows even larger and is now seven or eight feet tall and I must use a step ladder to work on her. Her flesh no longer seems to be human flesh, but bronze once again, but the jewels and the cloth are real.

There is a weird effect of parts of her figure being blurred as if she were a photograph of someone in motion, but that effect is somehow rendered in these real materials. The lightning in her hand seems to be real crackling electricity, the Earth a real planet with swirling clouds, the Sun a brilliantly glowing orb. She now has three eyes rendered realistically in glass.

I have stepped back. The work on her continues on its own. Apparently my part of it is done. I realize that she is in fact really in motion, but moving very slowly.

She smiles and then shrinks away to nothing.

1/9/2021

A powerful sex dream with some, but not complete actual sensation.

I am younger, maybe around 30. I have met a woman around my age while attending a concert of Persian music at Harvard. She is quite attractive and catches my eye immediately during a question and answer session after the music. I approach her and make small talk about how I liked her question and asked her if she maybe would like to have a drink with me. She is wearing jeans and sandals and a green silk blouse. She has a firm, round bottom and firm, round boobs. I know they are firm because of her obvious bralessness. She has full and beautiful lips, a slightly pointed nose and large dark blue eyes that look even larger because of her large round glasses. She has long wavy dark brown...almost black hair tied back with a ribbon that matches her blouse. She smells a bit like marzipan. I am getting aroused just being in her presence.

She readily agrees to go for a drink with me at John Harvard's. To my delight, we find ourselves getting along grandly. She likes to grip my hand when she is making a conversational point or when she laughs which is frequently. We have had a couple of drinks and she notes that it is getting late. I say that I understand, but would she mind if I called her sometime. To my surprise she suggests that we go to her place which is only a few blocks away for a final glass of wine. There was no way I was refusing.

Her place was in a triple-decker that doesn't exist in real life just outside

the square. She has four cats that totally ignore me. She pours us a glass of wine and we sit on the couch. Before too long we are making out pretty heavily. Kissing her was amazing. Her lips were hungry and muscular. There wasn't deep tongue action, but many gentle flicks and touches. My hands are under her shirt playing with her tits which are every bit as amazing as they had seemed. I pulled off her blouse to reveal them in the light and presently was licking her nipples, first one, and then the other making her coo in delight. The sensation in this part of the dream was physically complete, the texture of her skin, the resilience of her breasts, the taste of her sweat and my insistent erection.

She undid my belt and zipper and pulled out my cock and the sensation of her soft hands on my dick was also complete. She started sucking my cock, but unfortunately *that* sensation was blunted. In fact it now seemed like I was watching her blow me from a vantage point across the room. It was in fact a very porny looking scene. One of the things that seemed unrealistic in the dream was her professional level oral skills. I made her stop because I was going to finish too soon and started pulling the rest of her clothing off. I went down on her greedily, but I was still seeing the action as an observer. Even so her aroma was strong in my nose.

When we finally started to engage in intercourse, I was once again present, not an outside observer. We didn't go to the bedroom but were on her living room carpet. We started missionary. The tactile sensation is tricky here. I didn't actually feel my penis inside of her, but her heels pressing into my ass to drive me deeper into her felt perfectly real. Even though I, the dreamer, didn't actually feel it, I did know that I would cum soon if we didn't slow down. She turned us over and got on top. This time I did have the sensation of sliding into her velvety textured interior. She ground hard against me making breathy sounds.....

....and my alarm went off. Shit! *I was in a state of arousal that only took a few seconds to relieve. This is probably the most intense sex dream I have had in twenty years or so. I don't know if it was something I ate or what.*

Dream Journal 1/14/2021



I am a primitive man. Not living in the wilds primitive, but an ancient rustic village dweller kind of guy. Me and my people don't live in caves, but we live in a village near the caves and the caves are sacred to us.

Some action I have performed, I don't remember what it was, pleased the Great Mother. She appeared to me, both beautiful and terrifying when she stepped through a door in space itself to give me a reward.



It was a brush and pallet. The pallet was made of a thin flat stone, maybe slate and covered in dots of inexhaustible color.

The colors were themselves alive, for instance if you looked closely at the red it was a river of blood flowing beneath a salmon sunset.



The Green was the eye of a cat and I sensed it see me,

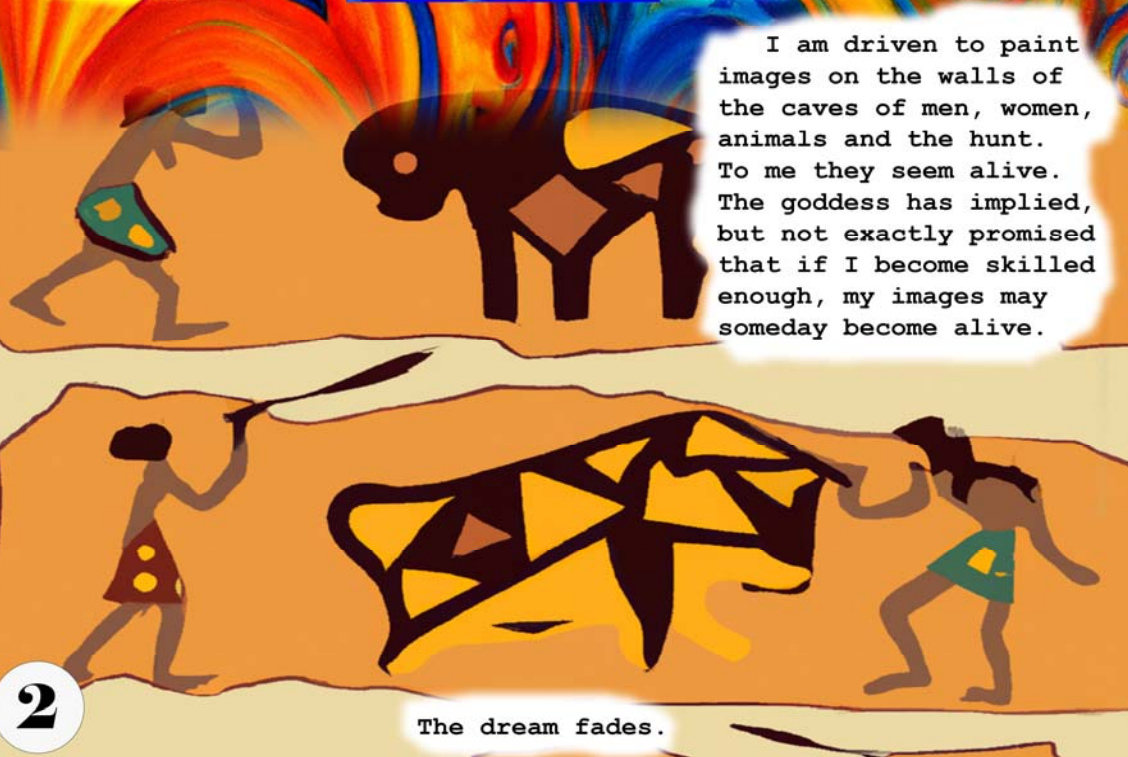


the blue was the deepest part of the sea with jellyfish slowly flapping through it.



The closer I would look, the greater the variety of colors there would be. I would touch my brush to one of the spots and it would be charged with paint.

I am driven to paint images on the walls of the caves of men, women, animals and the hunt. To me they seem alive. The goddess has implied, but not exactly promised that if I become skilled enough, my images may someday become alive.



2

The dream fades.

Dream Journal 1/18/2021

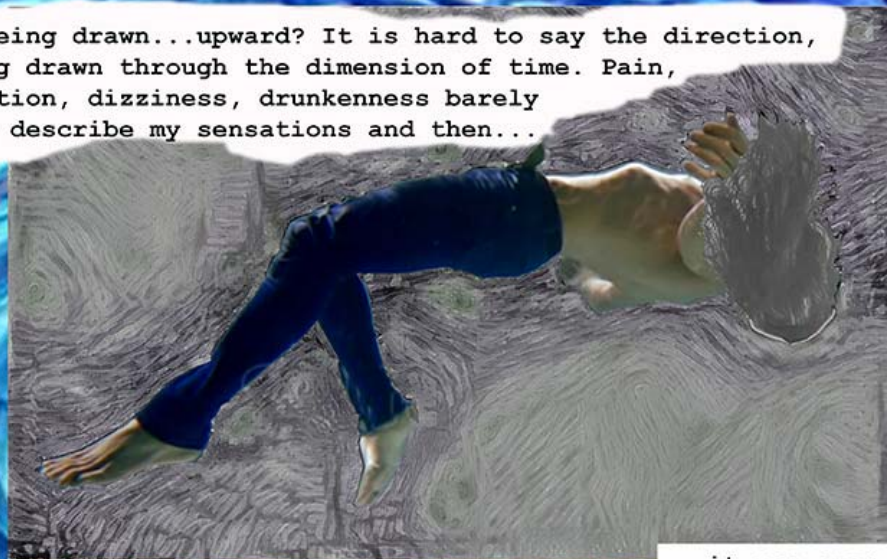


I felt incredibly ill, like there was a deep fatigue in every part of my body.



My muscles quaked and spasmed and it felt like I was somehow tearing myself apart as if I was being charged with thousands of volts of electricity. It was a sensation that my nervous system wasn't even designed to feel or understand.

I was being drawn...upward? It is hard to say the direction, I was being drawn through the dimension of time. Pain, disorientation, dizziness, drunkenness barely adequately describe my sensations and then...



1

...it was over.

I was beyond my own existence. I knew that I had been displaced... into a futurity that was as far removed from my own time as the proper time of my own birth, life and death were removed from the beginning of the universe. At least fifteen billion years away from my actual life.



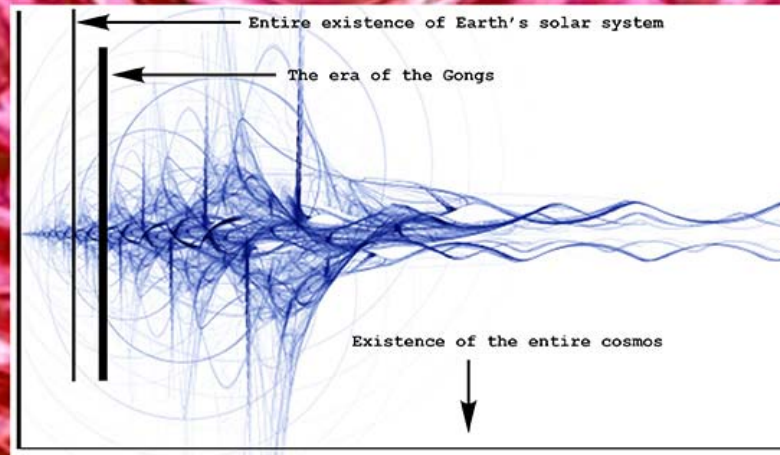
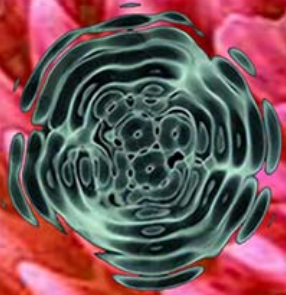
I knew all of this because it told me that it had brought me here to this locus in spacetime although I may not really be me, but rather a recreation of what and who I was. Like an animated fossil of my being and personality. It, that which induced me to exist here, was a structure of complex resonances.

There were actually several of them. In my mind I called them "gongs". You could call them beings of energy, but they did not seem like heat, radiation or electricity. More like very fine rippling vibrations in space and time. I could understand them perfectly, but it was clear that they had to explain things to me in a highly edited form for me to understand.

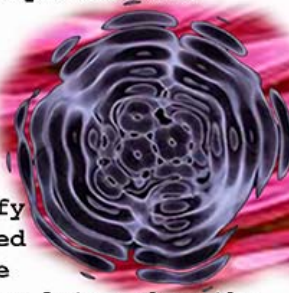
The world where I had existed was long gone in the depths of time, in fact that world's sun itself was also long gone having burned out and faded eons ago. The very kind of life that I had been no longer existed, wet things made of complex molecules and cells were no longer in ascendancy.

What had once been my whole world was gone

Life and intelligence had formed in different and more enduring sorts of forms that were not chemical in nature. There were still stars, planets and galaxies and there was even some life as I had been in them although I would barely recognize it as my own kin. Nothing that had originated on a speck that had been called Earth had contributed in any way to the world that I now occupied.



I was shown a sort of "book", a container of information that could be perused in a serial order that was comprehensible to my mind that was their version of what had come before their own time and the brief moment that comprised the entire history of my solar system, the even briefer moment that had contained the entire history of life on Earth and the still tinier segment that had encompassed the entire history of the human race. They wanted me to clarify what had happened in that flash of time that started with my barely conscious ancestors wandering in the African grasslands to hundreds of thousands of years later when the last of us had finally ceased to be. I looked at the record. I could only vaguely comprehend the era that was even ten generations after my own time, let alone the thousand that came after that. I tried to explain that I had only existed for a very short time rather nearer the beginning than the end. I hadn't even been there when we had ever so briefly achieved true and meaningful humanity and could not even understand the record of that era that was now before me.



The gongs beat at me with vibrations, questioning me, pummeling me with vibrations in disbelief that I did not even know anything about the most important aspect of what my people had been. I told them that even if I had fifty lifetimes of study, I doubted that I could make sense of it for them, that in my own time we had barely scratched the surface of what it meant to be human, had no idea how to become what was best about ourselves or even what being that would mean.

I told them that they would have to retrieve a different human from a different time far in the future from when I had existed to give them their answers.

They vibrated at me insistently until all was just an indistinct hum.

I woke from having nodded off at my desk with a terrible pain in my neck.

I had been out for a bit less than an hour.

1/25/2021

I have signed up for a sort of adventure camping expedition that will take place in upstate New York. It cost a bunch of money, but it was something I really wanted to do. The company that offered the expedition was run by this fussy, fluttery blonde woman. She had a large white standard poodle with a very serious demeanor named Emanuel.

I lived in the place where I was a teen in White Plains, a development called Bryant Crescent. I had forgotten my wallet and the lady agreed that we would stop there on the way out of town so I could get it.

We, there were about thirty of us on the trip, were piled into a yellow school bus and we were off. The driver missed the turn to get to my place and we were headed straight upstate. I had at that point forgotten why we had needed to stop, but I was still very upset about it and started shouting which further distracted the driver and he made another wrong turn.

We were on a rural road that had roller coaster loops and curves like something in a Fleischer cartoon and the bus was bouncing to the sound track music. We were in bear country. There were fierce looking bears everywhere we looked. We somehow got out of that fix although I don't remember how.

I was in an office complaining to the fluttery woman about the screw up and I was insisting that the only way to make it right would be for me to be allowed to eat her dog. Emanuel looked sad and serious, but also like he understood that this was proper justice.

I woke.

2/2/2021

It is a hot summer afternoon in 1975. A horse is giving me a ride home. I'm not riding him he is driving a car, a large convertible with the top down. He isn't a cartoon horse, he is a real horse. He is large, he takes up a lot of space in the car and he doesn't smell all that good. His name is Allen.



We are stuck at a light in Central square. These two hippies approach the car, they are obviously **really** high. One of them looks at the horse. "Hey Allen do you have that five bucks you owe me?"

The horse says, "You have the wrong guy. My name is Chris." The light changes and he hits the gas, leaving the hippies in the dust.

I say "that was uncool."

"Fuck that guy!" the horse replies.

Dream Journal 2/4/2021



I am on a road trip with my father someplace in the Midwest. To be clear, this fellow is my father in the dream and has some things in common with my waking life father including the fact that he makes his home in the Czech Republic, but he is *not* Gene Deitch.

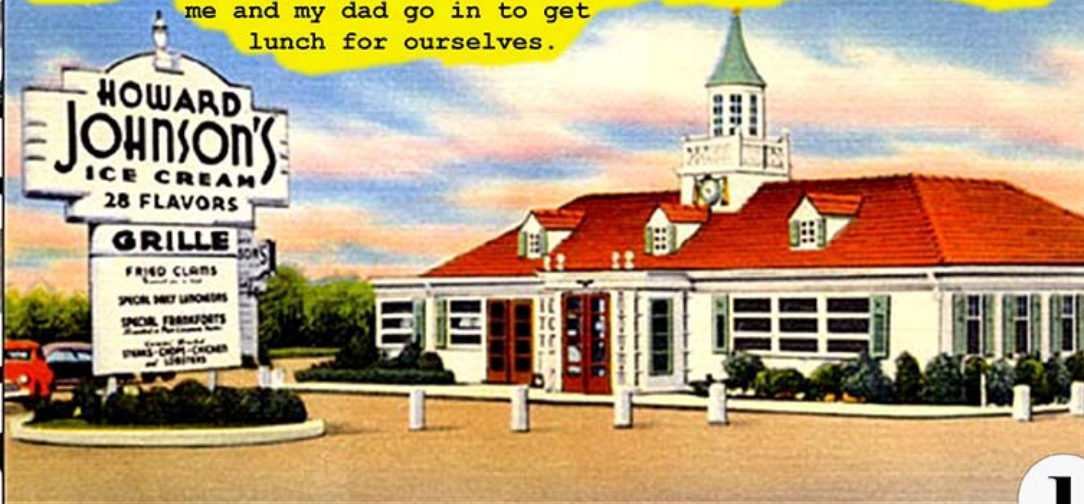


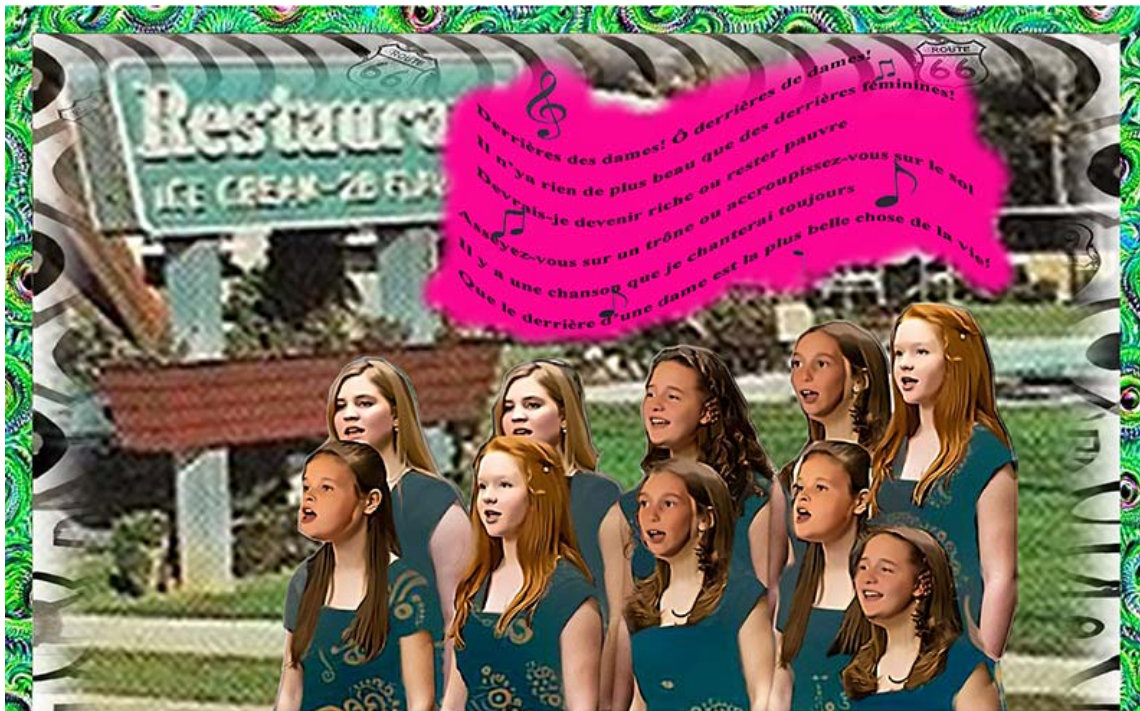
We are in a small European car and with us are five pairs of twin girls all around ten years old. Somehow they all fit in the back seat. They are quiet and well behaved and much of the time I don't even notice they are there. My father had



given me a perfectly logical sounding reason for why they were with us, but I no longer remember what it was.

We have stopped at a Howard Johnson's and I buy all of the girls some fried clams and a HoJo cola and put them at a picnic table outside while me and my dad go in to get lunch for ourselves.





When we come out we find that the girls are standing on the grass sweetly singing a song in French and people are gathered around throwing coins into a hat they have placed on the ground. Some people are taking video with their phones. The girls have lovely voices and are very photogenic. Dad and I decide to let them continue because everyone seems to be having fun.



My father is distracted by something going on at a truckstop on the other side of the highway and insists that I go with him to see what is happening. We carefully cross the freeway dodging speeding cars.



There is a group of men in uniform who are having a bake sale to benefit the union of gay firemen. My father buys some pies and he wants to arrange to have a few more sent to people in Prague because they don't have pies like this in Czechia. One of the firemen explains to my father that they will have to send the pies via the internet and it may take a few days because of tariffs and inspections. This seems to make perfect sense. Dad seems ok with all of that and writes them a check.



I am looking across the highway and see that the girls are now performing a magic act.



While my father and I are making our way back across the highway I wake.

2/7/2021

First sleep

I'm naked in a room with several other old naked fat guys. We are arguing about String Theory vs. Traditional cosmology but somehow we drift into arguing over if we want to have wine and cheese or beer and pizza. Somebody starts talking about the works of HP Lovecraft and it looks like it may come to blows.

I excuse myself and the dream fades.

Second sleep

We are a crew of kids in their late teens 17-19. Tan, fit boys and pretty buxom girls who work at some sort of rich people's resort. We are paid very little. Fifty-four cents an hour and we are issued highly sexualized uniforms. Cabana boy speedos for the boys and very light skimpy bikinis for the girls that they wear with high heels.

We don't usually have to work very hard, just hang around and be nice to the visitors, bring them drinks and snacks, endure their flirtations, sometimes more than flirtation, which is where we make most of our money.

We do have occasional clean up duties. One day we are called upon to clear the room after an informal banquet.



We are allowed to keep any uneaten food we might want so long as every trace of it is gone when we are done. In this case there are many bags of

potato chips, wrapped sandwiches, prepackaged containers of hummus with crackers, cheese and many bottles of beer, all destined for the refrigerators in our rooms.

We have to be careful though because of the table centerpieces that are made from some sort of primeval forest undergrowth. Rotting wood sprouting beautiful colorful mushrooms that are obviously poisonous and crawling with brilliant and equally poisonous caterpillars. There are the strange corpses of many small insects that have been attacked by cordyceps fungus and several invertebrates I cannot identify. Spider-like creatures that superficially resemble tiny kittens and flat furry things that look like circuit boards. We have to touch the centerpieces only with gloved hands, but even so, many of us end up with a painful rash.

I wake.

2/13/2021

I dozed off at my desk. I had been watching a science documentary, but in my dream I was watching a film that was supposedly based on a story I had written, but I have never written a story like this.

I was in this Mickey Spillane inspired detective story. I was following this sexy babe who was reputedly the girlfriend of a big mobster and she had information I needed. I was hiding under the seat of her car hoping to get the jump on her because she had already dodged me a few times when I had tried to talk to her. When she got in the car her weight on the seat kept me from being able to move so I had to wait until she parked and got out. Through all of this there was a hard boiled style voiceover in my own voice that had to do with me seeing just her slim ankles and expensive shoes through the space between the seat and the floor.

She finally stops and gets ready to get out and I realize that I was no longer holding my gun. I am desperately looking around on the dim light beneath the seat and see that there are at least three guns under the seat with me.

When she gets out I jump out behind her holding the gun on her. The voiceover continues mostly about her body and the dress that fits her like a snakeskin. I say "I finally got you Rosalee! Can we talk now?"

She holds up her hands and then takes a good look at the gun and starts laughing. "Go ahead and pull the trigger!" she says.

I steal a glance downward and see that it looks like a kid's water pistol. Thinking quickly I figure that if I shoot her with it she will get disoriented and I'll be able to grab her. I take the chance and pull the trigger, but thick blue smoke, not water comes out. The woman is gone and I am curled up on the ground coughing.

I wake.

2/18/2021

I had a long, involved dream that regrettably I can remember almost none of because one of the characters in the dream very seriously told me that the German word for wonderful was "wonder bra".

I woke up laughing and when I was done, the entire scenario was gone from my memory. It wasn't even all that funny, really.

2/21/2021

I was in a tavern, John Harvard's I think. I was chatting up a sexy female anthropomorphic cartoon penguin. Her name was Penguinette. The place was not full of cartoon animals...all normal humans except for Penguinette so I guess I just thought I wanted some of that for some reason.

She was being quite responsive to my line of jive and it looked like I was going to have the problem of figuring out how to have sex with a penguin. In

our conversation she told me she had once been married to Keith Richard, but when she had a few more drinks she changed it to Keith Moon so I assumed she was full of shit. She wasn't even English. She also kept on talking about her childhood at the North Pole which made me start to wonder if she was even really a penguin at all because I knew that penguins come from the **southern** hemisphere. I didn't say anything because I still thought I might get laid, but she could see I wasn't falling for it. I guess that it was important to her that I believe her poorly constructed lies. She went to the ladies room and never reappeared. Hours later at home I got a text from her that read "Your an asshole!"

"You're" I thought.

2/22/2021

I am having an affair with a slender blonde woman. She has the look and affectations of an idealized early '60s suburbanite. Not like the kind I actually saw and knew when I was a kid, but the type I saw in TV commercials at the time.



She liked to give me little assignments. She sent me across town to play a game at an arcade, but she stipulated that I had to go there totally via neighborhood back yards. A lot of fence climbing was involved. People alternately waved or shook their fists at me as I passed through their yards. A couple threatened to call the cops, but I went on because it was what my sweetie wanted.

I finally arrived at the arcade and found the machine she had wanted me to play. It was large, about the size of a refrigerator painted in red enamel. There was an array of toggle switches on the front with numbers and a sign above them said "Choose a number".

I put a coin in the slot and flipped one of the switches at random. It happened to be number 22.

From somewhere a horn blew and a flag popped out of the machine with the words "You Won!" on it. The front of the machine opened like a door and an Indian in a big feather head dress stepped out and handed me a cigar!



I made my way back via the back yards. This time one guy pointed a gun at me, but he didn't fire. When I got home I gave the woman the cigar and she gave me a softball sized cubic crystal of Iron Pyrite and a big kiss on the lips.

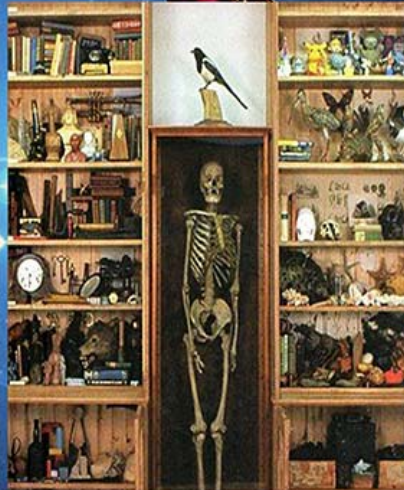


She lit the cigar and I woke.

Dream Journal 2/25/2021



I have been talked into going to work for this doctor who seems a little off, maybe slightly criminal. The guy who really tried to sell me on taking the job was Seth Rogen or at least was played by him.



The doctor seemed to be quite rich and his "office" was a cabinet of curiosities with many strange things preserved in jars and numerous small machines from all eras. He talked fast and loud. I got the distinct impression he was a cokehead.



Out a window I could see a blonde woman wearing a barely existent bikini lounging by a pool sipping a drink with a paper umbrella. Whenever I looked out the window she was always in the same spot doing the same thing.

The doctor wanted me to teach one of his patients how to build a rocket.





The man he wanted me to teach was insane, like he didn't see the world in any way as being like the one I saw. He was certain that angels spoke to him regularly and that he was the king of some fantasy land and now he needed to go to Saturn and I would help him build a rocket to go there!

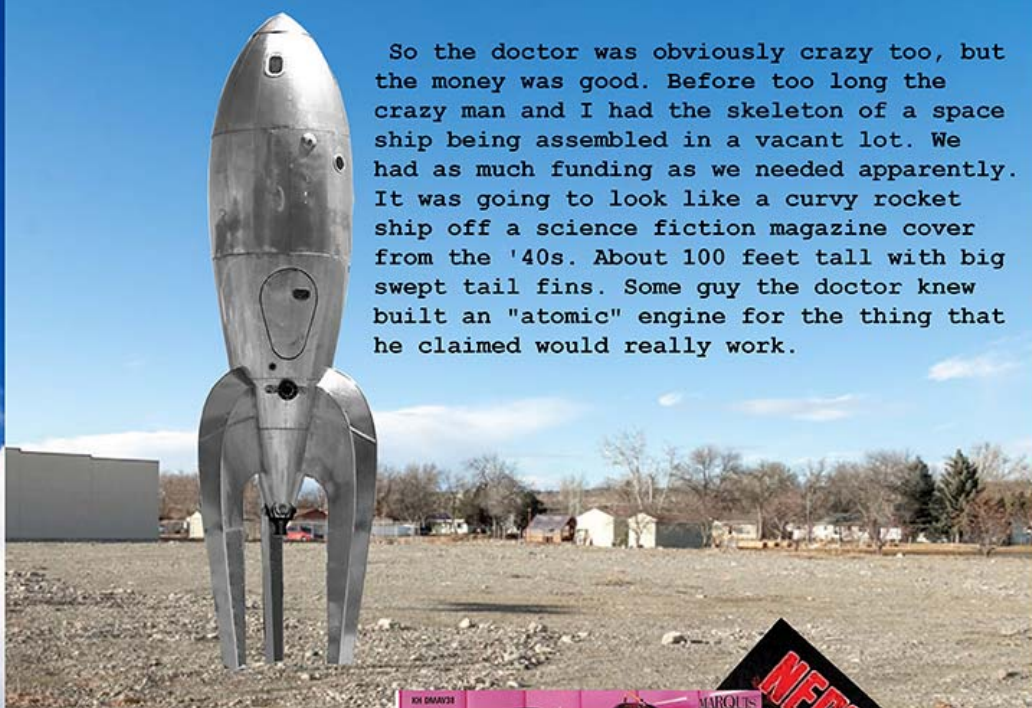


I was alarmed to hear this and I went to the doctor to explain that all of my experience in rocketry was in building model rockets. Toys. I didn't begin to know how to construct a manned space ship to go to Saturn! The very idea was mad.

"Of course it's mad! He's a crazy person!" He told me. "I'm paying you a *lot* of money." It's true, he was. He sent me home with a bag of fat Gold coins every day. "All you have to do is keep him busy and happy while I work out his drug regime and he comes to be more in touch with reality. That's not much to ask. Just work with him to design a space ship while I do my thing."

2

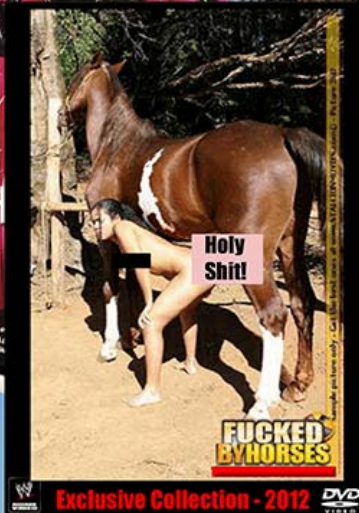


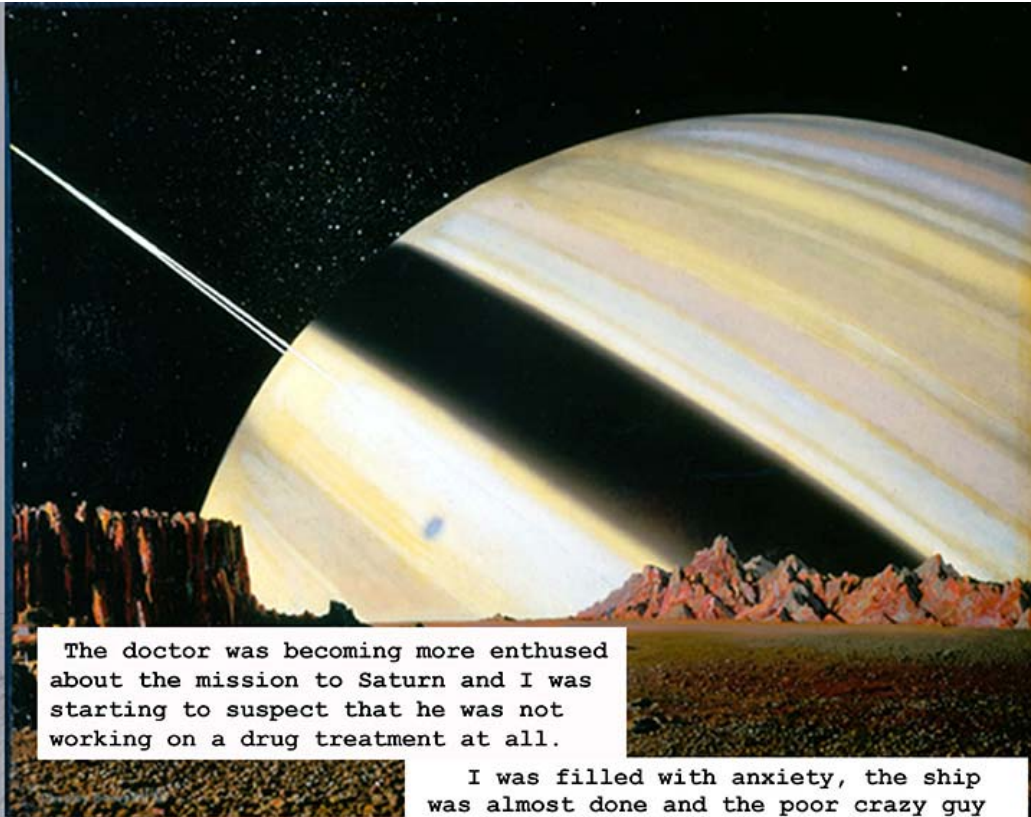


So the doctor was obviously crazy too, but the money was good. Before too long the crazy man and I had the skeleton of a space ship being assembled in a vacant lot. We had as much funding as we needed apparently. It was going to look like a curvy rocket ship off a science fiction magazine cover from the '40s. About 100 feet tall with big swept tail fins. Some guy the doctor knew built an "atomic" engine for the thing that he claimed would really work.



I spent some time looking at the weird stuff in the doctor's office including a long shelf of DVDs of porn that was so messed up looking that I didn't dare view any of it.





The doctor was becoming more enthused about the mission to Saturn and I was starting to suspect that he was not working on a drug treatment at all.

I was filled with anxiety, the ship was almost done and the poor crazy guy was going to get in it and kill himself! The engine starting up would probably kill all of us on the ground too.



I looked over at the woman sipping her drink and noticed that her only facial features were her full red lips. No eyes or nose.

I woke.

3/6/2021

I think it is the future. I am exploring a place that is **very** alien to my real life experience. It seems like the inside of truly immense living creature. I sense that I am somehow not really me. I might be an artificial intelligence based on me. My body is some sort of device. Not human shaped. It occurs to me that I may be a nanomachine and very tiny. I have several companions and we chatter back and forth to one another, but I don't understand the chatter. My body has it's own controlling mind and mine is just sort of along for the ride. I'm not really in charge of things.

We have to find something. I know it looks like a metal baseball bat covered in spikes. It contains important information. It should be somewhere in this wide, fluid filled tunnel that we are racing through.

We believe we will find it embedded in the tunnel wall somewhere. We find it ahead. It is about twice the size of us attached to the wall. Its spikes are vibrating. It is trying to work its way free.

It is singing a weird song in a foreign language. The object comes to fill my entire view and the singing is getting louder.

I wake with a start.

3/11/2021

My mother is running a business and I and a couple of my friends work for her. The town in which this is happening is nowhere I have ever lived. I and my friends are in our twenties. Mom is fiftyish.

Anyway, mom gives me a list of people that I have to make deliveries to. It is a pretty long list. I recognize all of the names on it. At the top is a woman who was in my mom's church congregation, a real person, but she has been dead for many years. Still alive in the dream though. What I have to deliver to her is a stack of 20 plastic cups. Not the single use kind, but still pretty much on the el-cheapo side. We are getting around on roller skates. There is no packaging for the cups; I just have to carry them as a tall stack.

So I and my two companions, Scott and Bill head out to the distribution center which is down by the railroad tracks. It doesn't take us long to get there on our skates, but it's a bit awkward with the cups and all.

The distribution center is a large, single room building with small windows way up high that have the kind of glass with the wire embedded in it. The walls were cinder-block concrete painted light blue and peeling in places. The place was almost empty. There was a unopened wooded crate sitting all by itself in the middle of the floor and there was a supermarket style cash register on a table against the wall with a telephone on the wall next to it. That was where we were supposed to record the sale after we made the delivery. There were some pegs on the wall from which hung a few pairs of roller skates that other delivery people used.

I had to call my mom to get the delivery address. She was vague about it giving me a few that it *might* be before she gave me one she was sure of. By the time I was done with here we were running late.

Scott puts his hands on my back and starts pushing me fast toward the door and I am briefly afraid that I am going to make a me-shaped hole in it like Wyle E. Coyote, but the door opens on its own as we approach and we all head out to make the delivery.

We are skating through the streets. It is a smallish town. Looks a bit like Mayberry, but there are a lot more black people. We arrive at the lady's house. There are two medium sized mongrel dogs growing at each other in the front yard, but they are ignoring us. The lady answers the door and I hand her the cups. She frowns. "Half of the are supposed to be blue. There aren't any blue ones here. I'll take 'em, but I'll only pay half price" I want to argue, but Bill stops me and reminds me that it is only a difference of two dollars. I grumble, but take her check and we get ready to leave. The truth is I was happy not to be carrying those cups anymore and would have paid her to take them if that's what it took.

We turn to leave and the two growing dogs are now blocking the door.

I wake

3/14/2021

We are two unsavory characters living underground. It seems to be the 1920s. We are both men in our forties. We take pains to appear to be fairly high class gentlemen, although we are anything but. We are hiding out from authorities and keeping a low profile in a not so great hotel in a small city in some state that is mostly corn country. Our pretense is that we are society types who are temporarily stranded here until we can get someone to wire us train fare.



I do not know the consequences of what particular peccadillo has driven us into hiding, but my companion has a suitcase with a dog hidden in it that he must keep quiet and no one must know we are in possession of. It looks a bit like a Yorkie and needs to be given constant treats in order for it to stay quiet. While he is dealing with the dog, I am spending my time trying to romance various women in the hotel restaurant and bar in the hopes that one of them might "lend" us thirty or forty bucks so we can get a train out of town.

There is also, however a brunette chanteuse with a sweet figure who works there who I actually find attractive and would like to spend a few idle hours with. To my amazement, she seems to actually be interested in me as well, but she has also seen me trying to make time with every dame in the place which cannot make me look very good to her.

I have my eye on a dowager from Kansas City who bears some resemblance to Margaret Dumont that habitually wears a thick rope of pearls. It occurs to me that if I can get it off of her, my problems could be solved. She does have a husband, but he is distracted with some good time

buddies doing God-knows-what and I am figuring that if I can get the lady to take me up to their room, I'm in. A few sweet whispers in her ear do the trick and we are there, but I forget about the pearls because I see a pile of cash on the dresser which seems like an easier grab than the pearls. She has gone behind a screen to get into something more comfortable and I just grab a fist full of the dough and head for the door making the excuse that I had forgotten an important errand. I say I'll be back in twenty minutes which is about how long it will take for me and my associate to get to the depot. I am passing through the bar and the curvy canary is sitting there looking lonely and I just can't resist stopping to buy her a drink. She is most amenable and things are looking good to get in some romance before I blow town.

My associate is also in the bar and giving me sharp looks and signaling that we need to get out of there. Of course the suitcase starts barking and it's no little dog bark either. It sounds like he has a Great Dane in there! The barking is getting louder and I am looking around for an escape route when I awaken.

There is a dog barking in the lot behind the building.



Dream Journal 3/17/2021

I am naked save for that I am wearing a pair of socks and am wrapped in a bed sheet.

I am making my way across a smooth surface of ice in a howling wind. I can see no horizon.

The ice looks like it goes on forever and I assume that I will die soon of exposure.



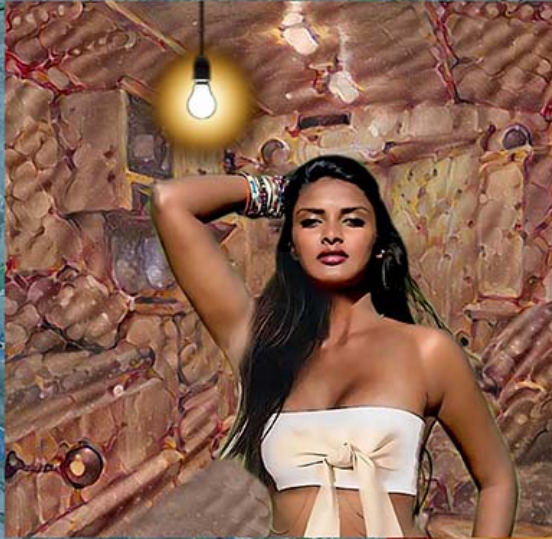
I spot in the distance a small wooden shack on sled runners and realize that it is an ice fishing hut. It looks like my only salvation so I make my way toward it as it is my only chance to survive this ordeal.

As I get closer, the door of the shack opens and a beautiful brown-skinned woman in an ice blue sari steps out. I immediately recognize her as a famous Bollywood starlet named Devi Sanyal (she does not exist in real life so far as Google or IMDB can tell). Devi says that she has been expecting me and takes me quickly inside the shack.

The shack is bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. There is a potbelly stove that seems to be efficient enough to make it very hot inside.

There is a small table and a couple of simple wood chairs. There is a small single bed against a wall and a cupboard that contains canned food and dishes. The place has only one tiny window just a little larger than a playing card. It is set in the door at eye level. There is a small square door in the floor, presumably to give access to the ice for fishing. I do not see any fishing equipment however.





To my surprise Devi removes her sari. She is almost completely nude underneath except for a broad white ribbon around her breasts.

She has a lush figure. She sees that I am staring at her and says "It is very hot in here!" She points at my sheet indicating I should get rid of it, but I choose not to.

She has me sit at the table and places a bowl of spicy noodles in front of me. They smell of Thai style peanuts sauce. I don't remember actually eating them.



Devi says that I need to warm up. She removes the ribbon freeing her rather spectacular breasts and pulls the sheet off of me and has me get into bed with her where we lay tightly spooned with me against her back. My arms are around her with my hands resting on her breasts. Although I am consciously trying to refrain from squeezing and caressing them, my success in that regard is limited. I become aroused which there is no way she could not notice, but she neither pulls away nor does she offer encouragement. It seems like a long time that we lay that way and I am in fact very comfortably warm.



It is later.



Devi is again dressed in her Sari, but I am wearing only a pair of sneakers.



I go and open one and see that it contains a bunch of metal parts for a



machine and a booklet of instructions for their assembly.

There is a pile of unusual cigar boxes stacked against one wall. They are shaped a bit like an old "cathedral" style radio but with extra curves. They look like something Jim Woodring might have designed.



654. When attaching gear #61 to spring box #18, please remember that spring tension debe ser mantenido.

655. The CNX conjunto de oscilador must be carefully inserted into support frame D at insertion points 16 and 17. Do not over flex the base plate during insertion.

656. Use the 15 CM piece of cable de campana to connect screw posts 67 and 72.

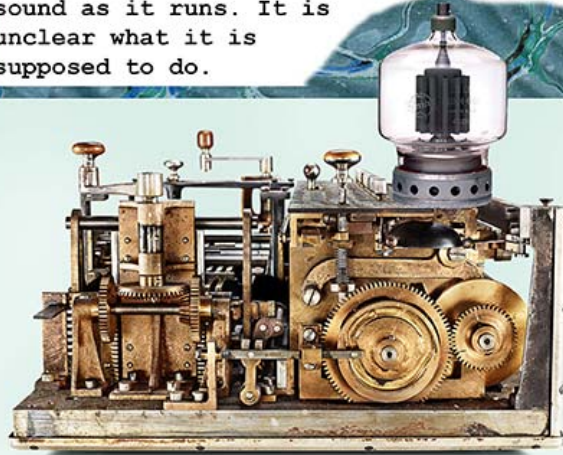
657. Carefully solder the mount for the AO-42 tubo vacio to the indicated location on the board. Do not insert el tubo itself yet.

658. Muy prolijamente apply seven wraps of the thin silver tape around post #13. Hold in place with a single wrap of electrical tape.

659. Mount gears 23, 14 and 17 on their pinions and insert the pasadores de chaveta.

I can read the instructions which, although in English, have a bunch of Spanish words thrown in. There is no tool box, but I somehow always have the tool I need in my hand.

I assemble the device on the small table, a thingababob with some spinning wheels and gears and several glowing vacuum tubes. It makes a soft "pop-pop" sound as it runs. It is unclear what it is supposed to do.



I turn to ask Devi if she knows anything about these boxes and this device but she is no longer there. Her sari is hanging from a hook on the wall.



I open the door to see if she is outside, but there is nothing but a white void.. I open the tiny door in the floor and look down. There is a neat round hole in the ice and I can see a number of large, scary marine worms with colored

scales and snapping jaws swimming around in the water below the ice. The hole in the ice swells to encompass my whole field of vision and I become afraid that I will fall into the icy water with the terrifying worms.



I wake because i need to pee and have to get to the bathroom very quickly.

5

Notes: I have had **many** dreams in which I am wearing nothing but a sheet or a blanket.

I have never in my life ever been in a real ice fishing hut.

Completely made up people appear frequently in my dreams. I do not know if “Devi Sanyal” is even a plausible Indian name.

Weird little machines are also a common dream world feature for me although I usually know what they are supposed to do.

This dream was semi-lucid in places where I became briefly aware that I was dreaming, but I had no control over events in those moments. If I had I would have eaten the noodles and had sex with Devi. No dice.

3/21/2021

I am working as an online employee for some second or third rate schlock house. They provide oddball goods and services and I work in order fulfillment. I control a whole distribution center from my desk top at home. The thing is that while I am perfectly capable of making delivery upon receipt of the order, I am under strict instructions to delay delivery for months or even years.

Every morning I get an email from my supervisor to dispatch a group of orders I have been sitting on. Often they are seasonal items that are hopelessly out of date or things that a customer ordered on a whim and in all likelihood have completely forgotten about.

One I am instructed to send is an order that came in before I even worked there. A woman wanted tiger stripes painted on her body. Judging by the date of the order it was for a Halloween party in 2016. I roll my eyes, but dutifully send a robot off to do the job.

I am watching TV and see a news report about a woman who was the victim of a mysterious assault by a spray paint wielding robot.

I heave a deep sigh and change the channel.

Second sleep

I am on a star ship on the way to Alpha Centauri. There are 85 of us onboard. The ship is large, almost a kilometer long, but it still seems crowded. More than half of that length is taken up by the titanic engine needed to give us the highest speed that humanity could manage to give us so the journey is only taking twenty-one years. More than half of the remaining space is machinery that purifies our air and water, food and other supplies and equipment for our exploratory mission when we arrive as well as supplies for a colony because none of us are going back.

The space we live and work in is about the size of a city block. Three levels, four hundred by four hundred meters.

We are in the last eight years of the trip, beginning a breaking maneuver that will ultimately put us in orbit of Alpha Centauri A. We are still far enough away that with the naked eye we cannot see Centauri A and B as separate stars and still cannot pick out dim, red Proxima.

It was fun during much of the first decade. We played games, had parties, everyone was fucking one another, but over time friction and boredom took their toll. After the first year we could not have practical voice communication with Earth. Really it was difficult before we had even left the Solar system with hours long delays. We were no longer part of a greater civilization. It was just us. Until we started the breaking, it didn't even feel like we were moving. There was no gravity except for a donut shaped portion of the life system that spun to simulate gravity and could only accommodate five people at a time and you had to sign up weeks in advance to get a couple of hours time in it.

The ship stank. As much as the air was kept clean and the robots scoured the surfaces, smells still built up. There were all kinds of tiny particles floating around everywhere and we wore cloth masks most of the time to filter them out. Long ago we had all started to get on one another's nerves. Many of us simply didn't talk to some people and few of us seemed to be friends. The truth is it had become an unfriendly place. We all still did our duty, but none of us really cared about anyone else.

Two of us had died along the way, which was fewer than had been expected to. We knew that it only really would take fifty people to perform

out mission at Centauri and that had been planned for. This ship was as far from the USS Enterprise as it could be and still be called a star ship. All of the above is just stuff I knew about my situation. The action of the dream is much simpler.

The captain has asked to see me. Ha has asked to see me a number of times in the last few weeks. I am on the team that is managing the breaking and he is concerned that the maneuver is using too much fuel and there have been inefficiencies caused by people, including myself, showing up for our work shifts drunk. He tried to be as kind and understanding as possible, but he also joked darkly about starting to put people out of the airlock if things didn't improve. It felt like he was only half joking. He knew that there were tensions and divisions in the crew. Duh, who didn't? and he pointed out that the astronomers had been able to identify at least three planets orbiting either A or B that could support human life so when this was all over we didn't even all have to live on the same planet, but right now we all had to do our jobs or we would all die sooner rather than later. He wanted me to make sure people were fit for their work shifts and put those who aren't on report. That was bound to make me the least popular person on a ship full of unpopular people.

I drifted down a corridor that had a snow storm of various small debris in the air. Loose hairs, bits of dandruff, dead bugs dust and fluff from God-knows-where when I noticed that some of the things in the air looked like microbes, like protozoa only large enough to be seen with the naked eye. They were all around me and I got the sense that they were curious about me. They were getting bigger, like around the size of my fist, pulsing and jiggling. I was going to reach out and touch one but decided at the last second that it might not be a good idea. I became very depressed and curled up into a ball and started weeping uncontrollably.

I woke.

3/29/2021

I am reading a 1910 issue of National Geographic that has a series of photos of contestants in a Statue of Liberty look- alike contest. Some of the costumes involve quite a bit of nudity. A couple are actually pornographic.

4/8/2021

I am working in a dry mounting shop in downtown Boston. It was run by an older woman who is now moving on to start a new shop on the west coast. The new manager is a younger woman named Kristen. I don't have a good impression of her face, but she had longish red hair with bangs.

The original manager's stuff was all packed up in five large packages and a shipping company was going to come and pick them up. Kristen asked me to stay late to wait for the shipping guys.

I was in another room when I heard a noise from the front and came out to see that the shippers had shown up but instead of ringing the bell they had proceeded to remove the front windows to gain entry.

I was strangely undisturbed by that. They were preparing to move the packages, but one of them was a problem for some reason. It was the smallest one, but the foreman said they weren't allowed to take it because of its specific dimensions. Union rules he claimed.

I had to call Kristen and let her know there was a problem, but my phone was doing wacky stuff and not cooperating with me trying to find and dial her number or I would stop getting any bars or the screen would suddenly decay into static.

Suddenly a gas station with this huge neon sign across the street collapsed with a loud crashing noise and my phone started behaving correctly.

I was just ringing Kristen when my alarm went off.

4/10/2021

I dozed off while watching a documentary about evolution and elements of it infused my dream.

I was bicycling in the country and got a flat. I had apparently run over some sort of animal quill a bit like one from a porcupine, but this one had large, sharp barbs along its length. I had neither a pump nor a patch kit and was several miles from the nearest town. As well, my phone showed no bars, so I was well and truly fucked.

I saw a car coming and frantically waved for them to pull over. Thankfully it did. The car was red with green stripes painted on at angles that made no sense in relation to the car's design. There was a young woman at the wheel who resembled the actress Jennifer Connelly as she appeared in her 20s. She wore jeans and a tank top. Her hair was cut in a 1920s style bob.

I told her about my predicament and begged her to give me and my bike a lift to the nearest town. She examined the damage to my tire and remarked that the quill looked like it belonged to a porcupossum, but they were supposed to be extinct. I responded that they were not extinct enough for my tastes.

Anyway she was happy to give me a ride and offered to give me lunch at her house. Later I am having a sandwich in her kitchen. Looking out the window I see that the house across the street has many tents set up in the front yard. The neighbor is having some sort of big kids sleepover party. There are many kids running around, but they aren't yelling and laughing like kids, they are buzzing like bees. In fact they are transforming into little insect people and the tents and houses are fading out of existence. The landscape is like a scrubby desert with low weeds and cactus and there is a village of little insect people.

The woman is over by her car. She is pumping up the tire on my bike.

I snap awake. The end titles of the documentary are scrolling on my computer screen.

4/12/2021

I am in a town somewhere. The place doesn't have a real high population and big sections of the town are mostly woods. There is a longish road that goes down hill and is heavily wooded on either side. At the bottom there is a monument around the size of the Statue of Liberty depicting a Coca Cola bottle. No label or markings, just the shape of the bottle in dark green glass.

Because of the fact it is in a depression and surrounded by woods, the only place it is visible from at a distance is from the road that leads down to it. Elsewhere it cannot be seen. Walking down the hill the true grandeur of its size can be appreciated. It stands directly on the ground in the center of a circular grassy park. The park is surrounded by a circular paved road. In the park are two small ponds where ducks live and some benches and picnic tables.

The statue is not hollow and cannot be entered. There is no visitor's center or signs or guides, No obvious sponsorship by Coke. It is just a sculpture that celebrates this interesting shape on a huge scale. I ask a guy sitting on a bench throwing bread to ducks who the artist is. He doesn't know.

4/20/2021

I took part in an annual contest. It was sort of part marathon, part scavenger hunt, part delivery run. There was a course through parts of the town over about ten or fifteen miles. Contestants had to carry large packages of meat, mostly chickens and sausages.

The packages were large, about twenty pounds each wrapped in thick clear plastic. Each runner had to package the meat themselves according to specific rules laid out in the official rule book.

As well there were message cards that had to be put in specific places around the course. The cards were mostly meaningless to me. One I can remember said "emuzzy.xxvi.net". They were all like that, apparent

references to places on the net. The back of the card gave a specific latitude and longitude of where it had to be placed and affixed with a standard clothes pin.

I trained for this with a woman who was *way* more dedicated to this than me. She was lean but very muscular. She could have been used for an anatomy illustration. We were not a team, we each were running our own race, but we were friends and trained together out of a little training camp we had set up for ourselves.

Now there was this guy, he was a neighbor of mine who I barely spoke to, but he wanted to run the race and kept coming around our camp to try and get pointers. Neither I nor the woman were inclined to help him and politely told him that everything he needed to know was in the rule book. This annoyed him and he became a pest to us. He would come around showing us improperly packaged meat or stacks of cards that were out of order and ask us how he had gone wrong.

We both told the guy that he had to leave us alone and figure it out himself. We later caught him sneaking into our camp apparently to steal packages of our meat and leave his messed up packages in their place. We couldn't tolerate this so we reported him and he was thrown out of the race. After that he started leaving angry notes in broken English on the door of my apartment.

The day of the race came. My training partner came in second. I came in second to last.

4/25/2021

I'm not a human. At first I think I am some sort of animal, but I am living a very organized life. There is a warehouse full of tiny compartments. From my perspective they seem to be about three feet on a side and they each contain a blob of living substance that I know was once like me but has devolved into something more pliant and basic.

I have no sex, but I am using something that is part of me to fertilize them into becoming something else, something that I myself will never be. The substance I am injecting didn't come from me, wasn't made by my body, but was injected into me by another. To my observing persona it seems very strange, but to the persona that is living this life it is something they barely think about at all. That persona is not mindless or even non-sentient, just very focused. Their task is all they think about and it has many technical parameters that must be met.

There are others like me in this place that are doing the same thing I am. If I steal a look behind me I can see that from compartments I have visited an hour before that something now emerges. I see no details as the space is very poorly lit and I don't even see that well in the first place.

I work on.

This dream is very repetitive and went on for a long time until my alarm woke me.

4/27/2021

I am with a couple of friends from my high school days and in fact we were all in high school. It must have been around 1973. We are walking down Mamaroneck Avenue in White Plains, New York. One of the friends is a guy who's house I spent a lot of time at smoking dope and listening to prog rock and Frank Zappa records. He was in fact the person who first turned me onto a lot of that stuff and he had felt he was "saving" me from what he perceived as my very square tastes in New Orleans jazz and ragtime. He just didn't believe that any long-haired hippie kid had any business listening to that stuff and had made it his mission to set me on the "right" path.

So anyway he is lecturing me and my other friend (who is a combination of a few different people) as we walk along about saxophones. This guy didn't actually play the saxophone in real life. He played a Sousaphone in the high school band and an electric guitar on his own, but he had strong opinions about all instruments. So he was saying "The basic sound of the saxophone is 'Dwee-Doop'!"

I look at him curiously. "Dwee-doop"?

He mimes holding a sax and wiggles his fingers and sings "Dwee-doop! Dwee-doopa-doopa dwee-doop!" As he does this it seems like I can see a ghostly saxophone in his hands that is emitting smoky cartoon musical notes.

My other friend laughs and starts playing air drums making "Bumpa-shh" sounds with his mouth, but I see the ghostly drum kit he is beating on. I start playing air guitar and we are now a band marching down the street and people standing to the sides are watching us go by and cheering.

The dream fades.

4/30/2021

There is a woman who I know in waking life only slightly. She is a recently hired co-worker. We have only spoken to introduce ourselves and exchange job related information. She is young. I'm not sure how young, has long dark hair and striking blue eyes. She also has a lovely figure and an excellent bosom that is habitually unencumbered by a foundation garment...BUT...I have never really seen her face. She has never been unmasked in my presence. WE are allowed to be unmasked at a proper social distance in the break room, but because of social distancing she uses a different break room from the one I use. I have no intentions toward this young lady. She may well be young enough to be my granddaughter.

So in my dream I have run into her on the street in Watertown. She recognizes me and stops me to ask the location of the post office. We chat for a bit and she invites me to go to Starbucks with her. We happen to be less than a block away from it. I'm thinking that if we get coffee, I will finally get a chance to see her face, but it turns out she only wants to use the WI-FI. So we are sitting at an outside table and chit-chatting about nothing in particular and I am finding myself more and more transfixed by her breasts. She doesn't notice because she is looking at her tablet and not at me, but for me her breasts are my prime focus. I was almost able to see them through her T-shirt like a full color x-ray.

Suddenly she laughs and says, "Take a look at this!" I come around the table to look over her shoulder. She is giggling at a meme that involves a cub-scout eating a live squirrel, but as I am looking my hands reach around her without volition to cup and gently squeeze her boobs which feel every bit as fantastic as they look! Using my finger tips I rub her nipples erect. I'm thinking that I'm in big trouble now! Why did I *do* that? Why am I *still* doing that? But not only is she not offended, but she barely seems to notice, but she does notice to some degree because she warns me that her left nipple is a bit sensitive and I should be gentle.

The dream fades shortly before I wake up.

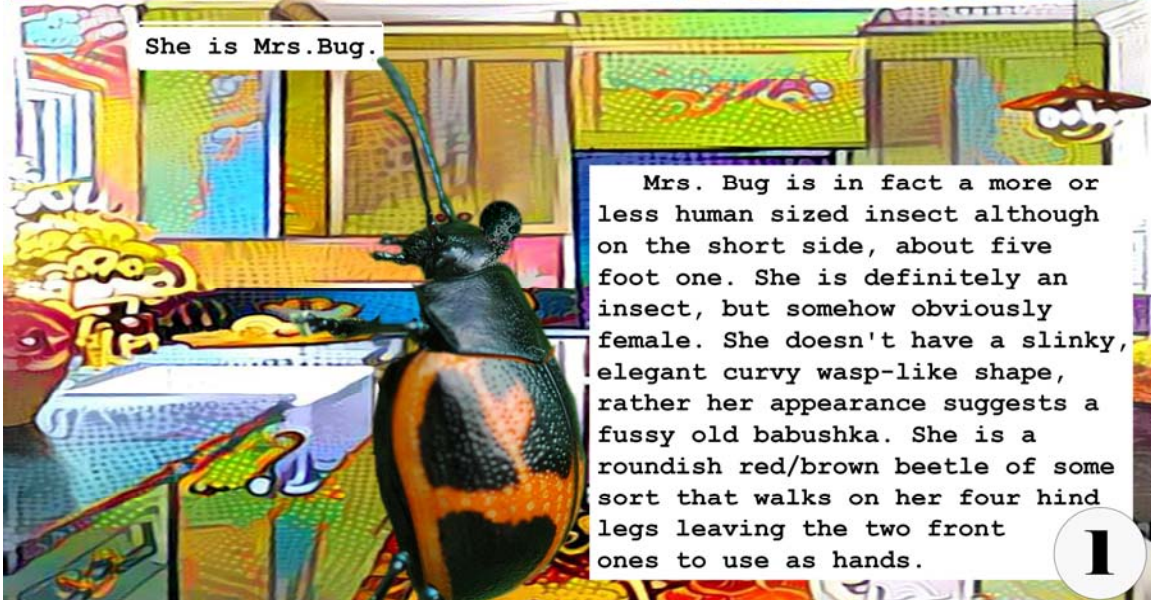
Dream Journal 5/8/2021

Not a lot of action in this one.

It is the 1980s. I live in a large apartment in Somerville with two room mates, both male. Neither of them are real people from my waking life. The pad is more neat and well maintained than any other place I have lived. That is because we have a housekeeper who comes every day.



She is Mrs. Bug.



Mrs. Bug is in fact a more or less human sized insect although on the short side, about five foot one. She is definitely an insect, but somehow obviously female. She doesn't have a slinky, elegant curvy wasp-like shape, rather her appearance suggests a fussy old babushka. She is a roundish red/brown beetle of some sort that walks on her four hind legs leaving the two front ones to use as hands.

1

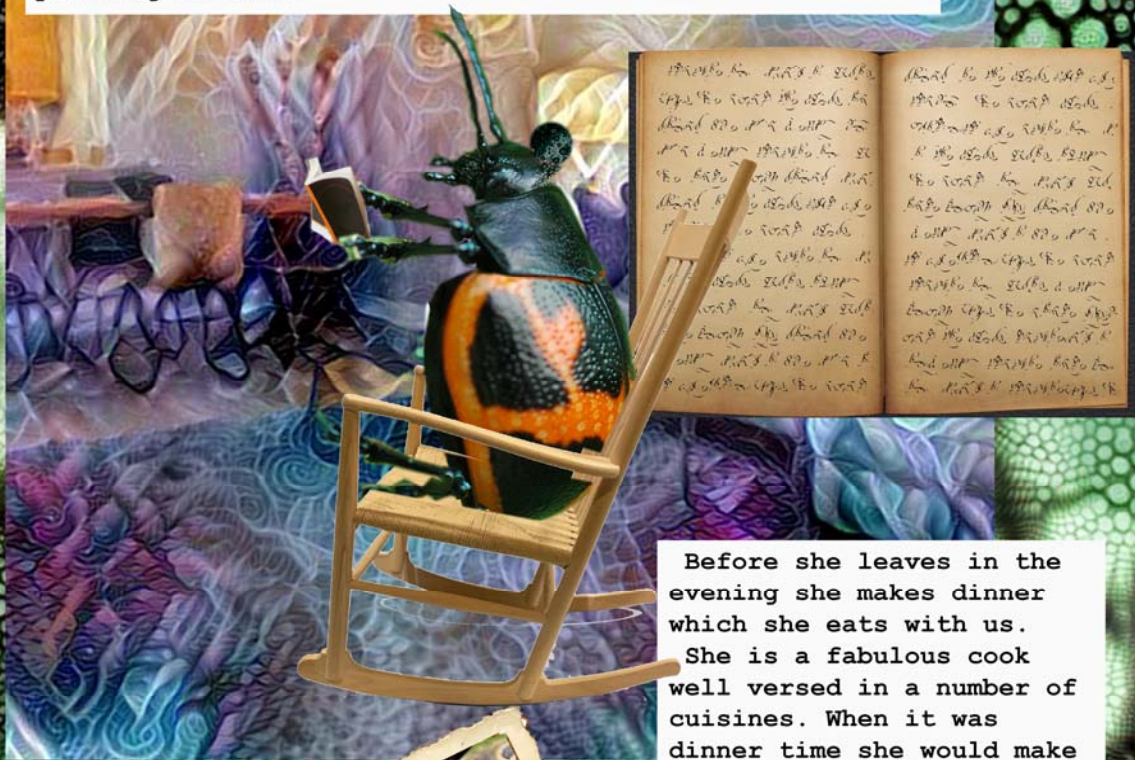


On her head is a bulbous protrusion that suggests a bun type hairstyle, but it is actually part of her chitinous exoskeleton. Her face is completely insect in nature and her mouth is incapable of making human sounds.

She shows up every day except Tuesday around noon and makes us lunch and then sets about cleaning the house. She hums little songs with utterly alien tunes as she works, but they have sort of a motherly tone. We in fact get the impression that she is quite lovable and does actually care about us above and beyond the fact we pay her. Now that I think of it awake, I have no idea *if* we actually paid her for her rather extensive services.



When she takes a break, she sits in a rocking chair and reads from books that have an unreadable curlicue printing in them.



Before she leaves in the evening she makes dinner which she eats with us. She is a fabulous cook well versed in a number of cuisines. When it was dinner time she would make a particular sound by rubbing her outer wing shells together that we knew meant food was ready.



She once shows me a photo of herself with her hundred children who are cute, shiny little beetles that are lighter in color than her.

The dream faded very shortly before I became conscious and I awoke with warm feelings for Mrs.Bug.

5/12/2021

I am in a hotel room. I am naked. I think I am about to take a shower. I hear a ruckus out in the corridor. I go to crack the door a bit to see what is going on, but the door is pulled back closed from the other side with great force. Things go quiet out there and I open the door a bit again and see that the hallway is now empty and close the door again.

Before I can get into the shower, there comes a soft knock on the door. I stick my face out to see a tall dapper black man in a white suit. He says, "I was told I should apologize for yanking the door out of your hand. I was escorting a V.I.P. through to his suite and I was supposed to keep the number of lookie-loos under control. I was told it was rude and I'm sorry."

"Well it's good of you to say something, but I'm over it."

"My employer wants to invite you to his party."

"I was about to take a shower. I'm not even dressed."

"Not to worry. For this party you are perfectly dressed." He takes me by the arm and leads me down the corridor stark naked to the door at the very end. Inside there is a young black man wearing the sort of clothing I would expect on an inner city kid, but his clothing is extremely well made. He has some gold jewelry including rings on almost every finger. He smells good and has a genteel manner.

"Have a seat." he gestures to a chair across from him. I sit. "What's your name, my friend?"

"I'm Seth."

"I'm pleased to make your acquaintance Seth. I suppose you know who I am."

"I'm sorry. Not a clue."

He looks surprised, but keeps smiling. "That's alright, I guess you aren't in my demographic. My friends from back home call me Ronny."

"It's very nice to meet you, Ronny." For the moment I seem to have forgotten that I was naked and am perfectly at ease. "So you are having a

party?"

"Most definitely! Starting right now." As if on cue, people start streaming into the room. Like me, they are all in the nude. There are about thirty people, the men outnumber the women by two to one. The men are mostly minor celebrities. The women are all extremely beautiful and of a number of different types.

Ronny urges me to get up and mingle and I do for a while. A brunette woman comes up to me and starts talking very close to me. At one point she presses her breasts against me and runs her hand over my lower belly. I get an instant hard erection which stays with me for the rest of the dream. I am embarrassed by it and return to my chair.

A guy who I recognize as someone who has a show on the Discovery Channel sits down across from me. He also has an erection and his cock is considerably larger than mine. He starts talking to me about showbiz stuff that I find kind of boring. I notice that he has random spots of shiny wet stuff all over him. I realize that it is jism.

I look around and notice that a lot of the men are receiving sloppy blowjobs from other men, both while standing and sitting. The women are more or less being ignored. They are either talking to one another or watching the sex with amusement. The guy I was talking to has moved on and is now sucking some guy's dick. I feel a hand on my shoulder and look up to see a stunningly beautiful black woman. Like everyone else, she is completely nude. Her dark skin is glossy and perfect. She kneels down beside me running her hands over my chest and belly. I find myself quivering a bit. She lightly runs her fingers along the length of my erect penis. "It's pretty!" she murmurs in my ear.

I wake.

5/15/2021

I am a guest of this family. I don't know why I am, but I am doing my best to help out where I can. My friend Scott, who I was a two man band with for

years in the '70s and '80s was also there. During the time I was there he was playing a lot of the music he and I composed together with the awkward teenage son of the family.

The family patriarch was this big arrogant stupid guy who I worked for at a Harvard Square Restaurant in the '70s. He was half drunk pretty much all of the time. It was just the way he was.

I did a lot of grocery shopping. He was always sending me out for frozen Pizza or hot dogs, I was looking in the fridge to see what we might need before I went shopping and saw that there were several packages of hot dogs there and he would tell me "Don't forget the hot dogs!" I would come home a couple of times a day with a couple of bags of groceries in the basket of my bike.

One time I went out to go shopping and couldn't find my way back. I was pedaling up and down dozens of streets looking for the house. The frozen pizza was thawing out and getting all floppy.

The dream faded.

5/19/2021

*A few notes beforehand. This is now qualifying as a recurring dream scenario although not that often. On previous occasions (2/3/2016, 4/24/2017) it has taken place during cold months when I have been sleeping under several layers of comforters & blankets. This is the first occurrence when I was only covered by a light sheet. This **should** qualify as a nightmare, but it has very little emotional content. I don't snap awake in fear and I am not particularly worried during the dream.*

I am in a tiny, cramped early '60s type space capsule like a Vostok or a Mercury. The inside of the craft actually has very minimal instruments. I am not a "pilot", I am payload. There is a tiny window about the size of a CD that I am supposed to keep covered unless I am specifically asked to make observations. I am supposed to keep notes on my physical state in a small notebook. At the moment, the notebook and its pen are floating in the cabin attached to my arm rest by a plastic tether.

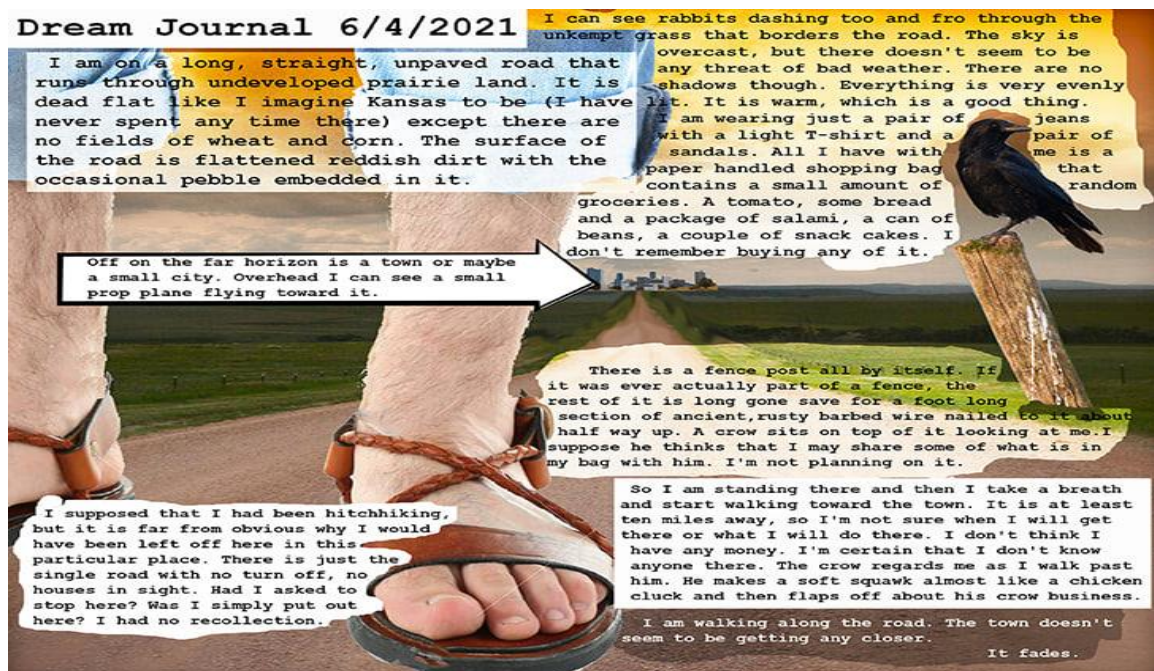
Despite my orders, I have the window uncovered and I am looking at Earth. It is huge in my field of view. My orbit is low, I estimate 75 miles or less. The cabin is very small. Reaching out to touch the light blue painted steel wall, my arm does not straighten entirely. My feet are almost directly in contact with the "floor" and the wall is only about 3 inches above my head. It has more or less the dimensions of a coffin. I'm not actually certain how I was put into this thing.

I see that I am passing over Japan when I hear a sound like a gunshot. My capsule is now spinning end over end and the Earth rapidly flashes in and out of view. I cover the window to avoid motion sickness. There is no sensation of movement with the window covered.

I radio an inquiry and am brushed off by being told "We are busy down her. We are working the problem"

I briefly uncover the window again to see that my rate of rotation has increased.

I wake.



Same date, second sleep

I have died and have stepped into an afterlife.

It is not an afterlife that belongs to my society. This afterlife seems to be a somewhat modern version of pagan Latin Rome. It has evolved from the empire of late antiquity. I never learn the hows and whys of its survival, but it is Rome of the mighty Caesars, SPQR and all that. Even so there have been changes over one and a half millennia. No one except Caesar and the senators wear togas. The standard upperclass male dress is sort of 19th century military like, but features a pleated kilt rather than trousers. The women also have a 19th century look with high elaborate hairstyles. There is late 19th century level tech including railroads, electric lighting and primitive telephones as well as steam powered road vehicles. I understand what everyone is saying, but everyone speaks Latin.

Yes, it is "steampunk" Rome.

Chattel slavery hasn't existed for a long time, but there is a pervasive form of peonage with laws strongly favoring the rich and industrial concerns. There are no blood sports, at least in this afterlife because everyone is already dead. There are no "games" but there are "spectacles" which are the main form of entertainment.

I am utterly perplexed. Have I been sent to the afterlife of an alternate universe? At first this is what I think, but then I start running into people that I knew in life and that makes it seem even weirder.

I am immediately given a job producing spectacles. They are what has replaced the games. They are still over-the-top for general audience entertainment though. My first job is putting on a play that takes place in an intimate venue that seats no more than a dozen patrons. It is a pornographic performance that consists of live lesbian sex involving three young women who are all peons. My work is fairly simple and the performers know what to do without a lot of prompting. The plot (such as it is) involves an upper class lady and her two dressers who are there to help her with her makeup and her complicated stola. This dress looks like something you would see on the Academy Awards red carpet if the Academy Awards happened in 1890.

Anyway, in the play, certain amounts of necessary touching become more intimate with predictable results that involve much kissing, rubbing, licking, thrashing and moaning. Pretty basic stuff that easily translates across cultures.

While preparing the spectacle I learn from one of the performers that this place is a sham. This "Rome" never existed and this whole fake section of the afterlife was cooked up about fifty years ago by a guy who wanted to gain power. That guy is, you guessed it, Caesar. Caesar Antonius Maximus was a guy from New York City who died in the early '60s and with the help of a few like-minded souls set this whole thing up. The details of how he did it are foggy at best.

I was shocked to learn this and determined that I had to find my way out of it into my "proper" afterlife, whatever that might be.

I woke before it got any farther.

6/9/2021

I am a member of the crew of some sort of strange ship that travels underground. Some sort of Jules Verne contrivance. I have no idea of what it looks like from the outside because it never rises above the ground, but it is huge and internally it is a cylinder in shape. It is set up more or less like a submarine except there is plenty of room inside. It doesn't feel at all claustrophobic. I don't know how many are in the crew, but it must be well over one hundred men. We wear a uniform like 19th century sailors with a striped shirt and a beret-like hat.

Although our mission seems to be peaceful and we are not met with fear or hostility the places we go, I am uncertain of our actual purpose. Part of my job is taking care of our survey craft which is a long, multi-wheeled multi-seat bicycle which we know affectionately as "Big Steve". When we arrive at a new place a segment at the front of the ship lifts up

revealing a ramp to the surface and I and my work crew wheel out Big Steve to the wonderment of the citizens who have gathered to greet us.

During our stay over at one town I had some time on my hands and I got to know the place fairly well. I frequented a tavern that was run by Sam Drucker, the guy who ran the general store on Green Acres. There was a drunk who would come by every day that was nothing but trouble and Sam wouldn't let him in the place so he would stand there with Sam blocking the door making fun of him and if he got close enough Sam would flick a wet bar towel at him. I would come around and make the guy go away and then I would drink for free for taking care of Sam's problem. . Sometimes Sam wore a tartan kilt instead of pants.

One day I rode the survey route with twenty men and then we went to Drucker's place for a drink. We were setting off that day and while I was drinking I was just fiddling with my underway work station key. Every member of the crew had an underway station that was activated by one of these keys. They were odd objects that were a large bronze key the head of which was a beautifully detailed sculpture of a celebrity's head in blued steel. Mine happened to be Dave Chappelle.

When we got back to the ship and I had put away Big Steve, I suddenly realized that I couldn't find my key! This was a disaster. If I didn't have it when we set off I would be busted in rank. I might even lose my job and be left behind!

I ran out to Drucker's place to look at the table where I had been sitting, but it wasn't there. I asked a lot of people, but no one had seen it. I came to realize that the drunk who was Drucker's nemesis must have it and I would have to find him and fight him for it.

I was on my way out the door when my alarm went off.

6/11/2021

I am a young boy, perhaps eight years old. I have long hair and wear a little sailor suit like Buster Brown. I am in a Victorian drawing room and my grandmother is talking to me but I have not until now been paying attention to what she is saying. She is a dignified dowager with a prominent shelf of a bosom, her décolletage fairly dripping with several strings of pearls. She must only be maybe forty-five or fifty give or take, and well preserved at that, but to me she seems quite ancient. Full of years and wisdom.

She looks at me and her eyes take on a distant gleam of remembrance. "What a fine little sailor you are, lad!" She says. "When I was a girl, a budding young woman really, I used to dream of sailors!"

"Really, Grandmother? Of sailors?" In my mind I suddenly have a vision of her as a ripe and beautiful young girl in a Sunday dress and a flowery hat with her hair piled high upon her head. She has a merry and fetching smile and eyes as blue as the sea. Somehow I sense that she sees what I see and that my vision is indeed correct, that this is her as a girl.

She smiles. "Oh yes, sailors! I thought my life was dull and I had daydreams of being *ravished* by sailors!"

The way she says the word "ravished", with such calm intensity, strikes me to the core. I do not really know the meaning of the word, Why would a little boy need to know it? She conveys well, however, the eroticism it is freighted with. In my mind, the image of her as a girl is now of her floating with her skirts billowing about her like a cloud. Her clothing is somehow transparent revealing her body beneath. She is surrounded by seven sailors, nude save for their distinctive caps, their members erect like those of figures on a Grecian urn. Their phalli spray drops of fluid that surrounded the young woman like a wreath. The mental image gives me an erection and I see my face on one of the sailors. Somehow I know that Grandmother knows exactly what I am seeing and that it is also exactly what she is seeing. She sees that I am blushing and she reddens herself knowing that an innocent child shares this image with her.

She averts her eyes, but says "Don't fear what you see. There will be dreams as merry ahead for you."

I wake

6/13/2021

I run a small shop that sells lamps. It is some place in NYC back when it was grubby, probably the '60s. I have an assistant, a young brunette woman with great legs well displayed because of her mini skirt and an otherwise excellent figure. She neither speaks nor does she have a distinct face. She is clearly something quickly thrown together by my somnambulistic prop department. She just putters about the shop moving lamps from one place to another with no apparent purpose. Her shoddy existence makes the dream momentarily lucid, but I again quickly forget that I am dreaming.

There is a loud bang and I look out the front door to see that two big doors of the building next door have suddenly flung open to reveal a man in a tiny, shoddily constructed looking airplane. The man looks like he was drawn by Steve Ditko. He is lean, has wild eyes and seems prone to strange hand gestures. He wears a costume of skin tight green fabric and something like a jester's cockscomb on his head.

I instinctively know that he is a supervillain. He sees me and points a ray gun at me, but I quickly pull my head back inside the shop. My assistant is oblivious, still moving lamps here and there. She has a cat that is now following her everywhere.

I am in a panic. I need to get out before the guy in the little plane, which is still just sitting on the ground just decides to kill everyone for fun. I find a door in the back and escape through it.

On the other side of the door, it is not New York, it is a suburban town. I think I recognize it as Newton, Mass. I am nervous from my brush with death and I sit down in an open air cafe. I order Chai (which is something I never drink in waking life) and a big chocolate chip cookie. A woman who is in the company of a large, friendly looking Golden retriever, joins me at my table. She is white. She is attractive, but not outstandingly so. Blonde with mid-length hair of no particular style, regular features, a friendly smile, an average figure and of average height. She is wearing jeans, open toed sandals and a green silk blouse. I would say she was in her early 30s. I don't

know why she has seated herself without so much as a hello, but her presence doesn't offend me. Oddly, she doesn't seem to see me, but the dog does. He holds me in his gaze for a few seconds and then starts to speak to me. He gestures with his head toward the woman. "Do you think she's hot?" he asks.

I'm startled. It's not that the dog talks, but that it seems like a rude thing to say. "She's right there!" I say.

The dog chuckles. "Are you kidding me? She isn't really here. She is never really anywhere." The woman has pulled out a phone and started texting. The phone has a case with the word "Sexy" on it. She still doesn't seem to see me. "Anyway", he says, "Do you think she's hot, would you fuck her?"

"Ya'know, I don't instantly size women up that way."

The dog snorts. "Come on. You don't have anything to prove to me. You can bend the truth with other humans, but you can't lie to a dog. Dogs size **you** up in an instant and I've got your number, buddy!" He waits a beat. "So would you fuck her or not?"

The woman really doesn't seem to be aware of my presence or my interaction with her dog. She is texting on her phone and giving little reactions to what she sees on the screen now and then. "I guess that depends on a lot of things. It would help if she knew I was alive. Can she not see me?"

"She **can** see you, but she **doesn't** see you."

"Ok, so she has absolutely no interest in me. What a sexy quality!" I say rolling my eyes.

"She would, you know. Like in a second. Not just you, pretty much anyone. The weird thing is that she doesn't even like sex that much."

I look the dog dead in the eye. "You are a terrible pimp! You are not doing a great job of selling me on her."

"You are evading the question!"

"I don't see why I owe you an answer. You are just some random dog with a barely existent human."

The dog takes on a momentarily sorrowful expression. "Random. Now you have to insult me?"

"Ugh!" I exclaim and get up from the table. As I walk away I see that the dog has started eating my cookie.

6/19/2021

I am me, but a younger, healthier version of me.

I am in a post apocalyptic world. It is just a few months past whatever the hell happened. I don't think nuclear war because most stuff is more or less intact. There is evidence that there were fires and riots, but there are now very few people and they mostly avoid one another, so I think a plague. The pickings are slim in abandoned stores, but I make occasional finds of basement hoards of canned food and bottled water, sometimes even beer.

I discover a crashed airship with several corpses scattered amongst the wreckage. They appear to be rich people based on their clothing, also there are a large number of gold coins scattered about which are useless to me. I do find an intact cargo hold that is full of food, water, guns and tech. Stuff that is highly valuable and worth defending. My new project becomes removing the bodies and building a wall around the wreck.

As I am searching the wreckage for valuables I discover something strange. It looks like a cell phone with little robot arms and legs. I decide to charge it. It turns out to have belonged to a girl who was among the dead passengers and it contained a personality she had created to be her best friend who was displayed on the screen as a sexy cartoon girl. A bit manga-like. When charged, the device got up and walked around, following me and trying to make dull conversation about hair, nails, boyfriends and beaches around the world. I was trying to decide if I was going to shoot it when I woke up.

6/23/2021

I think I am a pre-teen, maybe ten or eleven years old. My mother has somehow gotten a very tiny kitten about the size of a mouse. He has tuxedo markings and is very cute and playful, but also prone to mischief.

Mother put me in charge of the kitten's well being and told me that it was a lot of trust she was putting in me.

I saw the kitten in the bathroom on a high shelf through a window that there was in the bathroom door. I saw that there was a large wasp-like bug perched on his head and that in a few seconds it would penetrate the kitten's skull and suck his brain out. I panicked and realized that I only had a second to do something.

In the dream, the bathroom was also something like a microwave oven. I quickly reasoned, with no basis for making any such reasoning, that if I turned it on for only a few seconds it might kill the bug and leave the kitten unharmed. Feeling that I had no choice I hit the button. Everything in the bathroom momentarily became weightless and floated just a bit. The bug on the kitten's head burst into a cloud of dust. I hit the stop button and the kitten tumbled to the floor, but broke into pieces when he landed! When I went in and picked up what was left of him, the parts were all crispy and french fried looking.

I had to somehow cover my crime. I decided that I could flush his remains down the toilet and then maybe say that he had run off. No. I would say that he had been standing on the windowsill and a hawk had taken him. I would need to look upset. I **was** upset, but I would need to look like I had been crying.

I had just decided that I would rub lemon juice in my eyes when I was awakened by the garbage truck.

6/25/2021

A close friend was having some sort of major personal trouble, but was putting on a brave front. He didn't seem to want to discuss his intimate feelings with me. It hurt a bit, but I wasn't going to push. I sensed that he felt I would shoot him down if he spoke openly.

He went to a mutual friend while I was there to hear, but the other friend said that he thought it would be better if I were to leave them alone. I went away to allow them the space to deal with it. I was somewhat bitter that I could not be trusted, but I wanted him to have the space he needed to address and hopefully solve his problem.

I told myself (and in my visualization of telling myself something I was two separate entities one speaking to the other, not one person mulling something over) that it was not the rejection by my friend from the role of intimate counselor that bothered me as much as the fact that I considered the friend he had selected to be a person of slight emotional intelligence who had made nothing but poor decisions concerning his own personal life. This was the "truth" about the situation that I told myself to accept.

I retired to my remote castle where I consulted various important books of wisdom that were the foundation of my worldview. All of these books had been written by different versions of myself who had lived in alternate universes and in different ages. None of the authors (who were different facets of myself that had simply been cultivated under different conditions) were any more or less wise than myself, but had wildly varying points of view and different personal mythologies. Some of them looked at very tiny details that were considered telling and others looked at vast stretches of time and space for the big picture, but at the center of all of them was the lens of my own basic personality.

I selected a book titled The Great Journey. It was about the long future aeons that lay before humanity that would culminate in the golden age of Charpethtera. What the word "Charpethera" meant, if it was a personal name or a quality or the name of something that was in that world that is not in this one, I did not know. The tome was sort of like a comic book of infinite depth and if a single page was studied closely, it would expand to many pages, even entire separate books. The style of the illustration was like an amalgam of sacred art from across the ages, Renaissance paintings of saints, thangkas,

ancient Greek mythic scenes, cave paintings, etc., but also bizarre science fiction art and tales of great heroes like Hercules, Gilgamesh and Superman. It was a future in which humanity gained power far more quickly than it gained wisdom and that power was won cheaply while the tiny bits of wisdom came at great cost.

My brain throbbed absorbing this information, but the information itself seemed trite and of only marginal use.

I awoke feeling tired and sad.

6/27/2021

I am a young man in the 1960s, but it seems to be an alternate world with different customs. I am going on my second date with a young woman that I was set up with by my and her parents. We had gone out for dinner the previous week and gotten along well. She was short and curvy with a pretty face, black hair worn in an early '60s style beehive and blue eyes. She is the daughter of a respected local rabbi. Her name is Debbie.

It is a Saturday and I am taking her to the public bath house, which is a very traditional venue for a second date. Frankly, I am looking forward to seeing her in the nude and I am hoping that she might feel similarly about me. At the bath house we are given a room with another couple our own age. The boy is a stocky, but solid fellow with a winning smile and a quick wit. The girl is a thin redhead with a very pretty face.

We changed into terrycloth robes in changing booths and all met in the central area with the hot tub and the door to our sauna. We all opted for the sauna first. Debbie carefully turbaned her beehive and then dropped her robe. I was a bit surprised. I had thought her a bit on the plump side, but she was actually very fit with a narrow waist. It was just that she had broad hips and a large bum and very substantial breasts. I stopped and took a few pictures of her to show my mom who I knew would be impressed by her "child bearing" hips.

The other couple also disrobed. The guy was an impressive mass of muscle. The girl was lean, but not exactly skinny with narrow hips and tiny breasts.

We chatted companionably in the sauna and then went out to the tub where we soaked and sipped lemonade.

Relaxing by the side of the tub in reclining canvas chairs large enough to seat two, we were all feeling mellow and relaxed. I was acquiring a genuine fondness for Debbie and was greatly enjoying being snuggled up with her nude and voluptuous body. Predictably I became aroused. She saw and smiled slyly. "Let me help with that." she said. She took my penis in her hand and leaned down and kissed it. The other couple looked amused as she began to fellate me with great energy and I climaxed in her mouth. *Unusually for a dream, I felt all of this including the orgasm.*

The other couple just watched us and held hands smiling as they watched. Apparently to them it seemed very cute and romantic.

I woke. I was a bit surprised that I had not had a wet dream. I did not even have an erection when I woke.

7/3/2021

It's all very lush and green. I am at a student play put on in a grassy college quad. I'm not a participant in the action, I'm just in the audience. I'm naked, but nobody else is.

The play is about the life of Alexandr Graham Bell and is being directed by and stars Ben Affleck. He is very reminiscent of his character from Shakespeare in Love. The rest of the cast is all college students of varying degrees of talent. Obviously some of them really would like to become actors while others seem to be there because their buddies dared them. There is an odd prevalence of profanity in the script, at least I thought it was in the script. As well, a lot of the women's costumes were given very small bikini tops which was very anachronistic for the period of time in which the play took place. It is a bit of a grind to sit through, but it is amusing to see

Affleck roll his eyes at the lackluster, farcical or bloviated performances of his castmates.

I am at the play's after party, I'm not sure why, or even if, I was invited, when the college paper is brought in with a review of the play. It is of course a very bad review and seems to have been written by someone with inside info, a member of the cast or crew writing under an assumed name. The review goes into great detail about how the female cast members in particular, many called out by name, were very difficult to work with and seemed to be largely responsible for the utter train wreck the production was. The male cast members were, in fairness, every bit as bad, but the author of the review had chosen to focus on the women.

The party exploded into chaos as student actresses started yelling and picking fights. Affleck was off to the side somewhere, still dressed as Bell, talking on a very steampunk looking cell phone which seemed kind of appropriate.

I was just wandering around eating pigs in blankets and drinking cheap wine and enjoying the insanity.

I woke.

7/4/2021

I had dozed off at my desk.

I am young, in my late teens or early twenties. I am on a lonely rural road where I have been hitchhiking. It is a pretty straight two lane with pastures on either side. It feels like maybe upstate New York. It is late night, but there are a few lights along the roadway so it isn't pitch black. There is a bright half Moon. In the pasture on the side of the road where I am there is a herd. Odd animals. Bigger than sheep, but smaller than cows. About the size of a bull gorilla and sort of a similar shape with the front legs longer than the rear. They are hoofed. They have sort of rhino feet and are covered with reddish curly hair. they have sort of frog-like faces. Bulgy eyes and broad mouths, but they are clearly mammals. The hair on the top of their heads is pulled up in a knot with a bone through it like a cartoon cannibal. Some of them look me over, but most ignore me. It is a big herd, maybe a hundred or

so. They aren't grazing they are just standing there, but they are making sounds at one another. Their voices sound unnervingly human. One will say "fuddaduba"

Another will answer "buddadibbit."

The whole herd was saying "fuddaduba" and "buddadibbit" back and forth. It is like a strange combination of crickets, frogs calling and monks praying.

I was suddenly awakened by my phone ringing. It was a wrong number, some drunk guy.

7/6/2021

Scott has discovered a way to cross alternate time lines to capture valuable goods and thus become *fabulously* rich! He cuts me in, but makes it clear that he can't cut the whole world in or it won't work. He says that is because of the process of deliquescence. If the psychic environment gains too much pressure, the process will fail.

Deliquescence....I roll the word around in my head, only vaguely aware of its proper meaning. "Can you explain?" I ask.

He says, "In some timelines, not a lot, but in some, The Church of the SubGenius is a mighty state religion and in those timelines goods disappearing will lead to economic ripples that will bring the entire SubGenius philosophy into doubt and their civilization will almost immediately collapse since its basis is such a flimsy chimera. If that happens on a number of timelines, it will cause a psychic wave that will cross dimensions and bring down more robust belief systems that in turn will bring down others. In a matter of mere days, all human societies across all timelines will be laid waste!"

"That sounds like a pretty big downside just to make a few bucks!"

"No man! Not 'a few bucks'! Trillions!"

"But still, the destruction of everything...."

"Hey, fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!"

"Not 'them'. 'Us'! Everybody! This seems like a bad idea!"

He gets a strange look on his face and then points out the window at a June bug eating at a plum on a tree. "Ya see that bug? He gets it!"

I am about to respond when my alarm goes off. Interesting to have a SubGenius oriented dream so close to X-Day!

7/8/2021

I am watching a Woody Allen movie. The story is that he has a teenage daughter who meets some elves at a gathering in the woods that she just thinks is some sort of hippie festival. They all seem very accepting of her although she seemingly never becomes aware of their true nature. They make her a special meal from forest mushrooms and a full stick of butter and strange herbs and they give her a big hat. She dances with them all night and engages in all sorts of frolics with them. She wakes up alone in the forest in the morning and everyone is gone, but she still has the hat.

She returns home to NYC and takes up her normal life, but she also tells her dad (Woody Allen) about her experience in the forest which he describes as ridiculous and warns her about eating so much butter. He also tells her that she should get rid of "that silly hat". Something about it *really* seems to bother him.



He later encounters a couple of guys who are obviously elves and who obviously know him. He is at a cocktail party with them and they encourage him to try on a big hat. At first it seems like just a fedora with an extra broad brim, but whenever the camera cuts away and come back it is a little bigger and he has obviously had a few more drinks. Near the end of the scene he is obviously pretty drunk and he is wearing this giant hat. The scene is obviously supposed to be hilarious.

He snaps awake in an all night Starbucks. He is wearing a big, but not absurdly big hat. He mutters, "Oh no, they've found me."

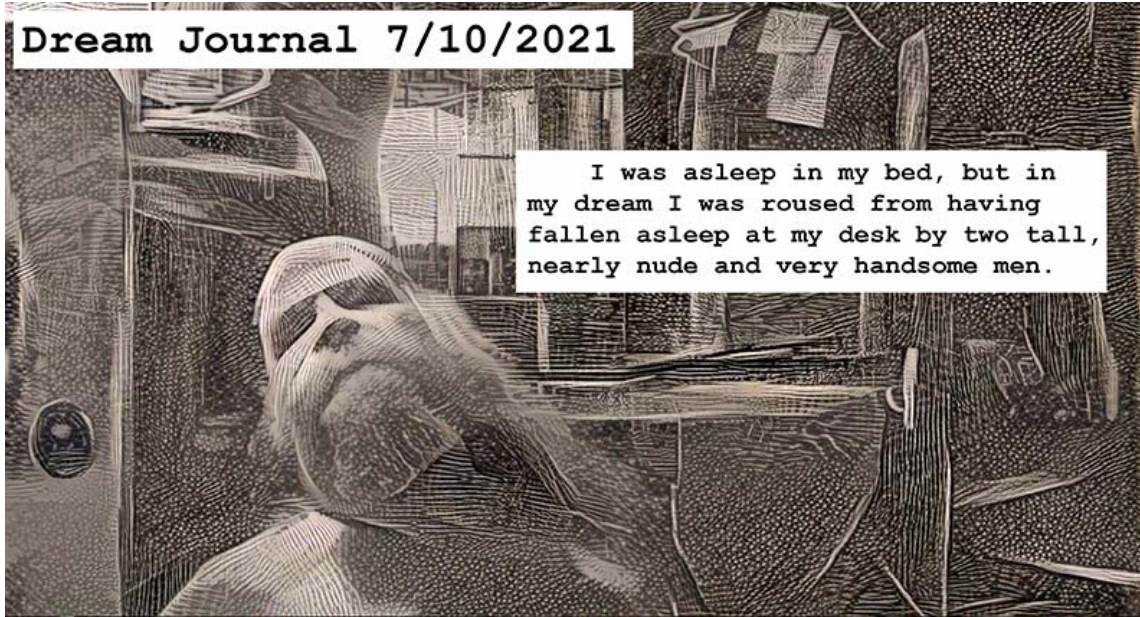
Meanwhile the girl is at some, this time more or less normal, hippie festival. She is walking around nude except for the big hat and runs into two other girls, also nude in big hats that she recognizes from her forest adventure. They start talking to her about feminism and tell her they are

bonded because they shared mushroom butter and how they knew she was one of them from the start. She still doesn't have any idea what "one of them" is supposed to mean.

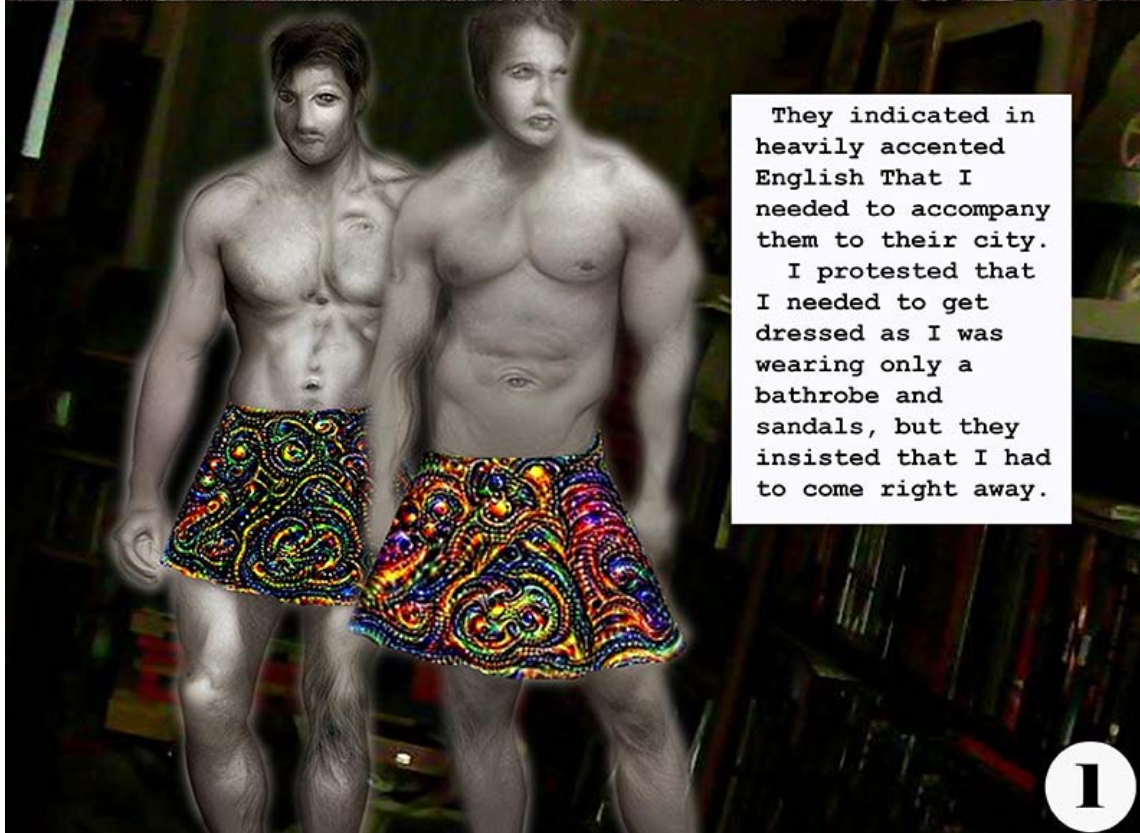


Unfortunately at this point I was awakened by crashing garbage cans in the back lot.

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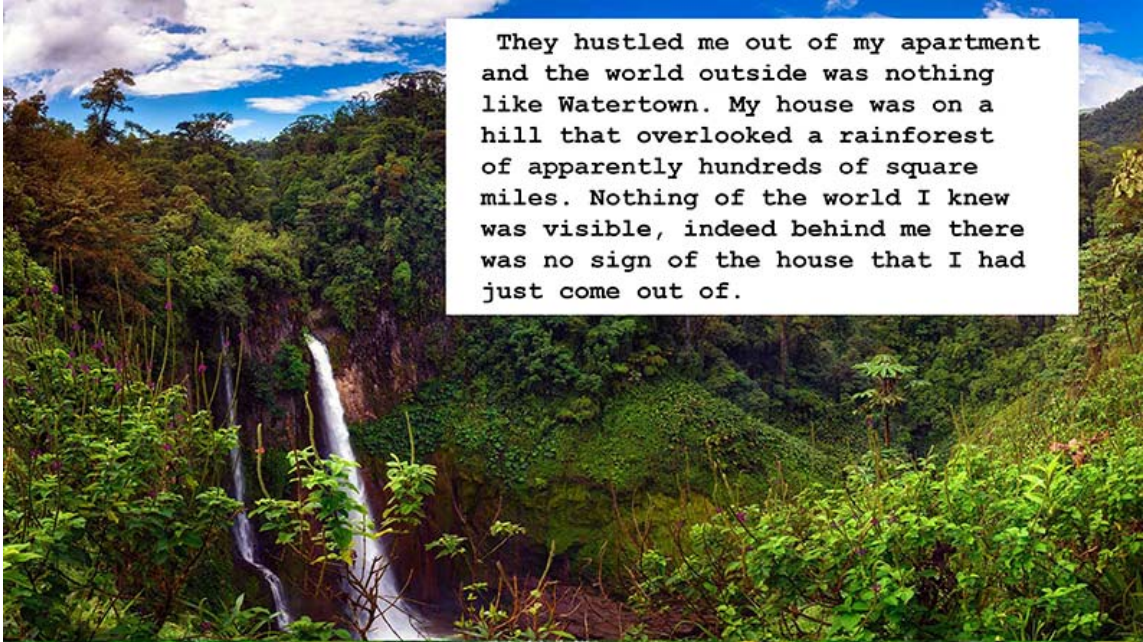


I was asleep in my bed, but in my dream I was roused from having fallen asleep at my desk by two tall, nearly nude and very handsome men.



They indicated in heavily accented English That I needed to accompany them to their city.

I protested that I needed to get dressed as I was wearing only a bathrobe and sandals, but they insisted that I had to come right away.



They hustled me out of my apartment and the world outside was nothing like Watertown. My house was on a hill that overlooked a rainforest of apparently hundreds of square miles. Nothing of the world I knew was visible, indeed behind me there was no sign of the house that I had just come out of.



We walked down a narrow road that was paved with a single continuous strip of glazed deep brown tile that was painted with images of green vines with yellow flowers.

They brought me to a city. The place was quite wonderful and captivating although none of the buildings were very tall. The highest building in the town seemed to be only four stories. All of the people wore little clothing. Some were in fact completely nude, but most wore sort of a short kilt with a sash that bore various insignia and a pair of sandals. Otherwise aside from jewelry and occasional head wear they were naked from the waist up.



These were extraordinarily healthy looking people. They had bodies like Olympic athletes. I noticed one woman whose face and carriage reflected many decades of experience, but nonetheless had the taut body of a twenty-year-old with perfect skin and high, firm breasts. It wasn't that she looked young, it was that she looked perfected. Physically, these people were simply better than the people I knew in my world. They were more or less light skinned, but not really European looking. They mostly had brown, curly hair. I was strongly reminded of the Barsoomians from the tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs, but a striking difference from them was that these people carried no weapons.



To them I was a fascinating curiosity, this strange, gnome-like being. They would come close, but took care to not actually touch me. Understandable considering that to them, to these persons who were free of even the slightest blemish, I must appear a vector of every disease imaginable. Even so, they did not jeer or even look on me with pity. For some reason I was respected and important.

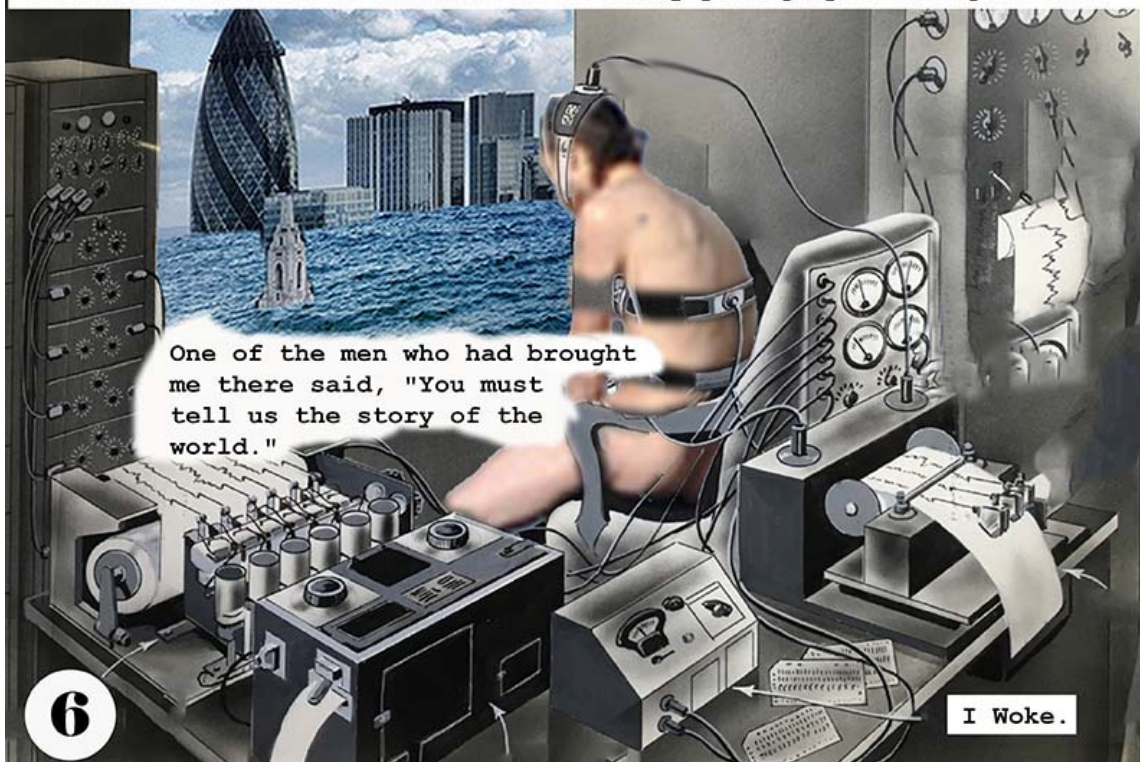
4 From the people who crowded the streets I heard their actual language which sounded like Klingon or something similar. Lots of rough sounds, but at the same time having a musical cadence.



The buildings all seemed to be mostly single pieces of glazed ceramic. It was strange. I could imagine these structures existing, but it was utterly beyond me how they might have been made! My understanding of the potter's art leaves me baffled as to how a finished piece of this type and size could be manufactured. It was clear that not only were these people highly cultured, but also commanded technology that my own civilization did not. This city in the jungle and these people who inhabited it were simply a step above what my people are,



I was taken into a large, low building and was sat in a chair before some sort of viewing device that looked like it might have been designed by Frank R. Paul. The screen lit and displayed an image of the city of London, long abandoned and mostly flooded and overgrown with vines. the city had not been the victim of some swift apocalypse. It looked like it had been simply abandoned several centuries earlier. It reminded me of early photographs of Angkor Wat.



7/12/2021

This needs a bit of background. I got up early with only a couple hours sleep because I had some errands to take care of. I had just bought the makings of a really nice taco salad at Trader Joe's and was waiting for the bus home. Evidently I dozed off on the bench.

I'm sitting at the bus stop eating a taco salad. It is really delicious and I am thoroughly enjoying it. This hobo walks by and he comes up to me and asks "Can I have the taco salad?"

"Nope. I want my salad. I'll give you some money for food though." I'm reaching for my money clip to give him a five.



He frowns. "I want the salad."

"You can't have my salad. Her, take the money."

"Gimme the salad, dammit! Gimme the salad!" I'm starting to think this guy may be mentally ill.

"Look, I have already been eating it. It's my lunch. Just take the money already!"

The guy looks like he is going to throw a full on tantrum when I am suddenly jarred to reality by the bus driver honking at me.

7/17/2021

I dozed off at my desk for only about ten minutes.

I have taken a job as a chaperone for the St Stanislav's Polish/American youth Wrestling team on their tour of various small competitions throughout the midwest. Father Kowalski, a stern priest with an immaculately maintained marine style flat top is in charge of most things, but it is my job to watch the gang of beefy boys take their showers. Apparently Father Kowalski is not allowed to take on this duty himself. Whatever. The pay is good. All I have to do is watch these young, goofy muscleheads soap up and snap towels at each other and make sure there is no "funny business", the nature of which Father Kowalski refused to define in detail save for that I'll "know it when I see it." It all seems pretty innocent No one smoking cigarettes or bullying one another just a lot of shoulder punching, laughter, blowjobs and butt sex, but nothing particularly "funny" or alarming.

I report that everything is fine to the priest and he gives me a frozen turkey.

7/18/2021

I see on the news that a number of large slug-like beasts, probably of outer space origin, the talking heads say, have appeared in a major city park. They are about the size of elephants and are eating random citizens by snaring them with long sticky and very gross tongues.



The news team has gotten into an argument over exactly which superhero to summon to the scene. Batman is first mentioned, but is quickly rejected as these are mindless beasts, not great criminal minds and besides it is day time. Superman is also generally rejected just because he is sort of the New York Yankees of superheroes and people are just kind of sick of him. The weather guy really wants Wonder woman, just because he has a crush on her. The male anchor is making a major case for Green Lantern because the things he does with his ring make for great TV. The female anchor thinks that because the creatures are thought to be aliens, that Martian Manhunter would be the right choice. The weather guy also brings up Power Girl, I think just because of the chest window thing.



While they are arguing and raising various points in favor of one hero or another, I can see on the big screen behind them that the slug creatures are disappearing one by one in a miasma of red blurs. The Flash has shown up and taken the situation in hand. Once the news team notices, they start having a different argument over if it was right for The Flash to act on his own authority.

It fades.

7/21/2021

Just a fragment. I was awakened by noise from the outside before it really got going.

I am a boy maybe 15 years old. I live in a different culture, but it is recognizably European derived. I, my father and my uncle have come out to meet a returning airship of some sort. I don't know if it is lighter than air or not, but it is large. I never get a view of the whole thing at once, but it seems to be about the size of an ocean liner. It looks like it is made of wood.

My father, uncle and I are all wearing some kind of uniform that is dark green with burgundy colored piping and accents. I am in a merry mood and very proud of myself because I have made myself a large and ornate tobacco pipe of brass and dark wood. It is about the size and shape of a bassoon. Having made this and to have made it with a high level of craftsmanship is an important sign of manhood and my father and uncle are very proud of me. The pipe uses small, compressed cones of tobacco.

That's all there is. The guy with his motorcycle outside woke me.

7/24/2021

another very fragmentary one.

I am assistant to William Shatner. In this dream he is the same age as he is now IRL. He is producing a stage play of Pinnocchio in Rome that people are just slagging all over the internet seemingly just for fun. There are all of these memes of Captain Kirk with strings and stuff. Shatner isn't even *in* the play, he's just the money guy, but people are having too much fun to be distracted by facts.

I'm telling him that he is better off just ignoring that stuff, but he keeps having these press conferences to boost the play and then has public meltdowns when people make fun of him. I'm really afraid that the old guy will have a heart attack if he doesn't calm down.

This famous Italian comedian is playing Pinnocchio and decides to get in

on the fun so he does a talk show in a Start Trek uniform. Shatner is apoplectic and wants to fire the guy. I try to explain to him that he is the star that he is selling the whole thing on.

I wake before anything else happens.

7/26/2021

Yet again only tantalizing bits of what was an epic length dream. I was not interrupted by noise this time, I just woke from it and then drifted off to sleep again for a few hours so I ended up remembering only a little of it.

I am visiting a sort of travesty of a theme park about humanity where all of the exhibits have a very negative tone.

Little characters who may or may not be animatronic are constantly staging musical numbers about how much human beings suck. "Why do people do, the awful things they do? They throw away the beauty, and they keep all the poo!" Etc, etc. They appear to be made to be purposely annoying and visitors mostly kick them out of the way or step on them. When they are stepped on they give blood curdling screams and leave a horrible looking stain, so maybe they are really alive.

One of the "rides" is called "Tell off Trump". You pay a fee and you are admitted to a big space that smells like farts and a huge inflatable Trump effigy drifts in the air a few yards off the ground and hundreds of people hurl curses at it and throw rocks and garbage at it. The blow-up Trump just floats about randomly.

As usual I truly hate it when Donald Trump turns up in my dreams in any form. It feels like the ultimate intrusion on my psyche.

7/27/2021

I have a house that is in a walled and fortified town. Life there is pleasant, but it is obvious that there is chaos outside the wall. The sky is smoky, we can hear shouting, gunshots, explosions. Inside the sky overhead is blue with sun and poofy clouds.

My neighbors are all friends and acquaintances. Most of my dead friends are there as well. I don't even question how that is possible.

One of my neighbors has me and most of the neighborhood over for a dinner party/game night/orgy. People are eating, drinking, chatting, playing games, fornicating. Everyone is having a good time. The host has served dinner on woven wicker plates. which is unusual. Everyone is supposed to clean their own dishes. I ask the hostess if there is some special way to clean the wicker plates. She says that I have to use seltzer water and she points to a door where the seltzer supposedly is.

I enter the room and see that it is entirely covered in white porcelain tiles like a public restroom except there are no fixtures. There is a drain in the middle of the floor next to which is a sponge and a bottle of Polar brand seltzer. I have begun washing my plate when I notice that the door I entered through is no longer there.

7/31/2021

First sleep. I had drifted off sitting at my desk.

A vivid sex dream.

I am a visitor at a house, but most of the family I am visiting has gone out somewhere. Only one family member has stayed behind. She is a very pretty faced young girl with huge blue eyes and blonde curly hair about sixteen or seventeen years old. She is friendly, loquacious and vivacious as well as being nice to look at. Her figure is slender, but not skinny. She is wearing a tight, thin green t-shirt that may as well be painted on revealing that she has very tiny, but perfectly shaped breasts with slightly raised areolae. She wears

a layered skirt, almost like a tutu, but long coming almost to her knees. For some reason I cannot remember its color. Her legs are lovely and muscular. her hips are broad. When she bends over I can see she has a wonderful bottom and also is not wearing panties.

She makes me tea and we are engaged in merry conversation. She almost offhandedly suggests, "We should masturbate together. It would be fun!"

I am surprised at the suggestion, but also aroused at the idea, but I feel I have to get a grip. I am blushing when I respond. "Uh....I'm sorry, but that would be a bad idea. It might be a bit of fun for you and definitely would be for me, but the consequences for me could be very bad. You are underage. They could lock me up!"

She pouts a little. It is hard for me to describe just how darned *cute* that pout was! "I won't tell anyone! It's just something I do with friends. It brings us closer together. It isn't bad, it's just nice! Come on, let's do it!" As she is saying this she has started removing her clothing. She looks amazing nude. Her bottom is so beautiful it almost brings tears to my eyes! I reach out to put my hand on her and she steps back. "No touching! That's the rule. We can touch ourselves, but not each other! Come on, get naked!"

I am only slightly put off by the no touching thing and I quickly disrobe. We are sitting a few feet from one another on the living room rug. We are both playing with ourselves. Her pubic hair is only slightly darker blonde than the hair on her head and just as curly. Her vulva is perfect peach pink and her inner labia are a deep red and very wet as she fingers her clit.



I have an intense, hard erection which I am stroking. We are totally focused on one another. She is obviously nearing orgasm and making low, sort of hooting sounds. She arched her back and moans and I can see juices flow from her vagina. I ejaculate and the sensation is not blunted as it often is in dreams, but is in fact a very intense orgasm. Some of my jism lands on the rug just a few inches from her foot.

I wake.

I have not actually cum in my sleep, but I do have a hard erection and am very aroused. It only takes a couple of strokes for me to cum and when I do it is unusually strong.

Second sleep. In bed.

Read the notes at the end.

A reoccurring dream that I have had for years, but had never made note of.

I am in a cafe that has live music. A pair of twin girl singers are performing. They are on the skinny side with short curly red hair. They wear sort of shapeless pale blue frocks. They are neither pretty nor do they have engaging presence or personality. It would be fair to call them aggressively ordinary. They have Russian accents. The girls sing a song in some foreign language (not Russian) competently, but not with much soul. It is received with lackluster applause from the patrons.

I drift back to semi consciousness and switch over from lying on my right side to lying on my left side and drift back to sleep.

...and I am having the same dream, but the girls are different. They have straight black bobbed hair and are wearing pink frocks. Their song is now in English, something about a lost dog, but equally uninspired.

I wake.

NOTES: First of all, this is not a reoccurring dream for me, but in my dream I somehow thought it was.

When I woke I was lying on my right side, I had never actually turned over. The whole business was some sort of lie my unconscious mind had told itself! I had never had that dream before, I had not turned over, in fact I very rarely can sleep comfortably on my left side at all. It was a dream about dreaming.

I don't know what to make of two such unusual dreams in one night!

8/2/2021

I am dragging a poorly made sledge along a dirt path through a jungle. I am prodded along by large, about twice my size, insects sort of halfway between ants and mantises, "antises" I guess. They communicate with me telepathically when they bother to communicate beyond poking me with a stick. In waking life I don't have a particular fear of insects, but I find these creatures utterly loathsome.

I am wearing a primitive sack-like garment that is woven crudely from bits of plant matter. It is itchy and infested with mites that have bitten me all over. I would rather go nude than wear this awful thing, but the antises find the human body highly distasteful and make me wear it. The sledge contains a pile of odd things that the insects consider valuable, but they just look like rocks and bits of goo to me.

We encounter another group of bugs who have a female human with them. They want us to mate, but I find the woman utterly unattractive. She has lived a life much like mine. I am sympathetic to her, but I would rather die than touch her. The antises are suggesting that I might be more useful as food than as labor when I awaken.

8/7/2021

I was in a small grocery store.

All of the people who worked there were shirtless men wearing leather masks. They spoke a language I could not understand. The place only accepted cash and the cashier scrutinized each bill minutely.

8/10/2021

I was going into battle against figures from a huge mechanical clock at the zoo in Central Park. The clock in my dream is nothing like the one in real life. It is huge and elaborate with larger than life size mechanical beasts for every hour.

I don't have real good weapons, only stuff I can find lying around like trash cans, sticks and pieces of broken park benches. There is a lot of broken stuff because the robot animals have broken free and run riot. I have already done battle with a giant bronze penguin and I am now standing against a huge zebra with the number 6 sculpted on its side. My weapon is a flipper wing from the conquered penguin.

The zebra is dangerous. One kick from its hoof or slap from its solid metal tail could kill me! I knock the tail off with the heavy side of the flipper and then whack it in the head with it and it goes down, but things are looking worse as a huge bronze rhinoceros is facing me. I grab a leg from the zebra and await its charge. Behind the Rhino is a bronze lion. Things are not looking good.

I am awakened by loud Brazilian music from the parking lot.

8/14/2021

No plot or action in this one.

I dreamed that I had a deep, thick, curly covering of hair like sheep's wool. For some reason I had it cut into straight sided box shapes on my arms, legs and body. I was musing about the idea of maybe doing a poodle cut at some point.

8/20/2021

It should be noted that in real life I sleep on a futon at floor level, not on a regular raised bed. In this dream I was in a more regular style bed.

I am sleeping peacefully when a rustling sound causes me to open my eyes and I see a pair of eyes peering back at me in the dim light of the room. I think at first it is a small child. I notice another pair of eyes and another. My bed is surrounded by little chubby people. A couple climb up onto the bed and stand looking at me. They are nude and proportioned like toddlers, but they are clearly mature with patches of hair in the appropriate places and the females have little breasts. When they see that I have seen them they laugh in merriment, but it isn't a very friendly laugh. I don't get the sense that they have benign intent.

A male steps closer to my face and I start to sit up, but a female steps onto my chest and then sits on it cross legged preventing me from getting up. The male speaks to me in a language that sounds like Ubbie-Dubbe, but I can't understand it at all. When they see I can't understand they all laugh at me. Again it is clear that the laughter is not friendly. I am realizing that these little people have come to bully me for no reason I know. They are filled with menace.

I wake.

8/24/2021

I am at some sort of train museum where people can come and drive locomotive engines themselves. There is a huge indoor gallery with intertwined tracks everywhere that have enormous locomotives running on them everywhere being driven by regular people, sometimes children. The noise is incredible! You can work your way through the tangled network of tracks and you will exit a tunnel into open country. The tracks fan out from the museum like a spider web and eventually loop back. The entire countryside is filled with the sound of locomotives blowing their whistles!

8/28/2021

*I know that I am known for having strange dreams. This one is not **particularly** strange in general, but it is not like a lot of dreams that I have had.*

I was in an open space, like a large empty, windowless room that was well lit, but I couldn't see the light source. It was about the size of a large sports field. In the area I was standing the floor was a grassy field with dandelions here and there a few feet away from me there was a pretty teenage girl with wispy pinkish red hair and wearing a pink dress. She is obviously singing, but I can't hear anything. The grassy field only extends about 20 yards in either direction from where I am and then fades into the concrete floor. As the girl is singing (miming singing?) little plates containing cheese blintzes start appearing on the ground.

I wake.

8/31/2021

This was a very disturbing dream.

Hillary Clinton was guest hosting SNL. For reasons no one could fathom, she wanted to do full frontal nudity in the cold open.

She looked as she did in the Clinton presidential administration and this seemed to take place during that time. She was doing the scene with Phil Hartman who looked acutely uncomfortable throughout. I can't even remember what the sketch was supposedly about, but it started out with her in bed with Hartman who was doing a Bill Clinton impression. It definitely did *not* seem to be about Bill's wayward behavior in their marriage. Anyway they are lying in the bed and both have books like they are reading and they start having a discussion. I don't remember the actual lines at all, but at one point she leaps up from the bed exposing herself fully nude and the audience gasps. There is some scattered whistling and clapping, but the reaction is obviously mostly shocked discomfort. She displays herself sexually, palming her breasts and holding open her vulva and leering. The effect is *far* from sexy. She doesn't look physically bad. She is in her mid forties and in good shape, I recall that her nipples were large and dark, but her behavior is highly disturbing. Hartman has gone pale and can't remember his lines and looks like he might be sick. The audience is grumbling with occasional shouts and just starting to throw things. She is calling out to the audience saying she will "take on" any one of them.

I wake.

9/3/2021

I Dozed off for only a few minutes

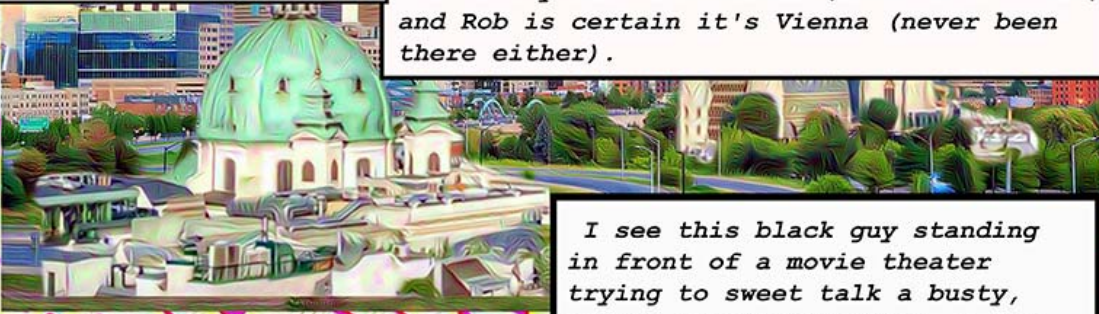
I am walking up Summer street at night. I see something moving out of the corner of my eye. On the concrete steps of a house is a very large salamander-like amphibian. It is at least four feet long and very wet and slimy. I can tell that its skin is colorful, but I can't make out the exact pattern in the darkness. It sees me and meets my gaze. It makes me feel very uncomfortable.

I wake. Apparently I was asleep less than ten minutes.

Dream Journal 9/5/2021

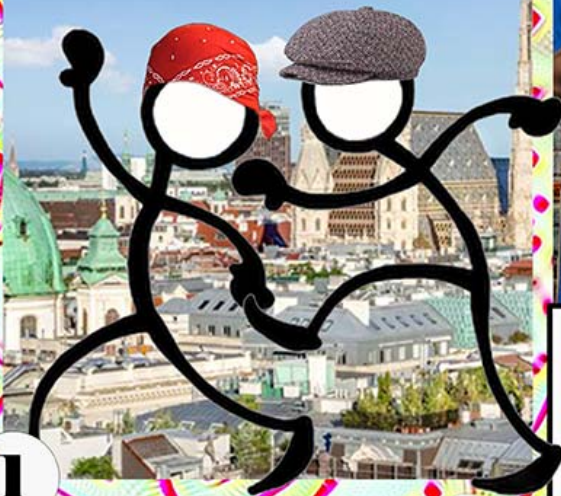
This is one that happened between my alarm going off and me setting the snooze and it going off again 15 minutes later

I am in a big city With Rob Chalfen. I do not know why we are there and between the two of us we can't even agree where we are. I'm Pretty sure its Denver (never been there) and Rob is certain it's Vienna (never been there either).



I see this black guy standing in front of a movie theater trying to sweet talk a busty, blonde cheerleader type. I see that he has a paper bag with him that has "Hung Ngyuen's Pho

I'm hungry and I want to eat something. I decide that I have a craving for Vietnamese food (in waking life I am very neutral concerning Vietnamese cuisine).



Palace" (or something like that) printed on it. We go up to him and I ask, "Hey man, do you know where I can get some first class Vietnamese food? We're starving over here!"

"Why sure enough my man!" he says, I happen to be a delivery man for Hung Nguyen's. It's right there at the end of the block."



"Awesome! Thanks!" Rob and I start to walk in the direction the guy indicated.

"Wait a second." The guy says, "Maybe you guys can help me and the young lady settle an argument."

He nods toward the blonde who bounces on her toes and gives us a little wave. "Hi, I'm Chrissy!" She bubbles. Everything about her seems kind of bouncy. I have to admit that just looking at her makes me smile. Rob is taking her in with a long glance.

The black guy snaps his fingers to get our attention back. "Like I was saying, this young lady and I have a disagreement. I know that the capital of Denmark is Stockholm, but she insists it is Copenhagen. If you can help us settle this, I'll give you a half off coupon for Hong Ngyuen's. He winks at me with the eye that is out of the blonde's sight line.

I get what he wants, mumble in Rob's ear not to queer things and then I say to Chrissy, "I'm sorry miss, but the gentleman is right, the capital of Denmark is indeed Stockholm." She pouts and the guy hands us a coupon. We head down the block.



hong nguyens pho palace

We sincerely apologize for the bumbling incompetence of our delivery man. Please accept this coupon for 50% off of your next meal at our establishment.

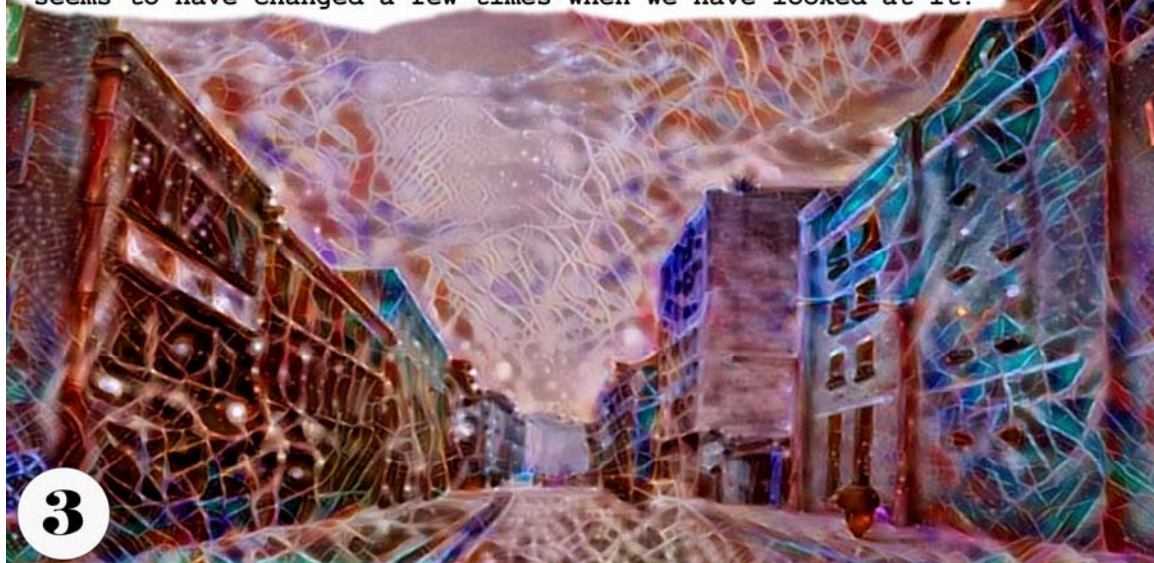
As we are walking I notice that we don't seem to be making a lot of progress, like the block is getting longer ahead of us.



I ask Rob if he is noticing that as well, but he is on some discourse about the early days of electric recording and how some major problems with it were solved by the invention of a particular type of vacuum tube by a guy named Milo Helman who was a janitor in the building where one of the recording engineers worked. It was like he couldn't hear me at all, although he stopped to say he hoped we could get some coffee at the Vietnamese place.



We actually do eventually get there and opening the door we discover that the place is some kind of Vietnamese restaurant mall and we have to pick out which one is the right place where the coupon is good, but they all have similar names. I see Hung Ngyuen's Pho Palace and Dung Win's Pho Spot and Hong Dungs Tasty Pho Garden, but none of them exactly match the name on the coupon which actually seems to have changed a few times when we have looked at it.



Rob just wants to eat and get some coffee and tells me to just pick a place, but I am determined to get the half off.



9/12/2021

*"Quests" are a common dream motif for me. A lot of them are not remembered well enough to bother recording, but some of them have been among my more interesting dreams with very solid narrative qualities. This is not one of those. It's most interesting feature came *after* I woke from it.*

For no reason I understood, I was drafted to lead a team of people with special talents to retrieve an object (*I either don't remember or never knew exactly what it was*) from a large abandoned building that was sort of fortress like. My team was a big, husky guy, sort of Hulk like, but not green who was super strong and could knock down walls and tear off steel doors, A little girl with pigtails who spoke every language and a talking Jack Russel who was super intelligent. It was unclear how these last two figured into the retrieval scheme. Anyway, there was a bunch of oddball rigamarole as we worked our way to the location we had to get to. Somehow the little girl got locked in a room. Just as the hulky guy was about to tear the door off of the room, we were all somehow forceably ejected from the place and I woke.

Ok, so for several minutes after waking I was still sort of mentally in the dream and I really felt that I needed to get back into the building to rescue the girl, like my sense of reality had yet to gel around the waking world. I had this feeling that I had failed and only slowly came to realize that it had just been a dream.

9/16/2021

I am a young man in my 20s. I have been living in the Midwest, but for some reason I decide to return to my mother's home in White Plains, NY. I am with a friend whose identity changes several times, but in none of those cases is he someone who I was ever very close to. Most of the time he is a black guy around my age who I worked with at a restaurant job in the late '70s.

We take a bus out of Chicago that breaks down someplace that might have been in Ohio and we have to walk to a town where we spend all of our money to eat pancakes and ham and rent bicycles.

We bicycle all the way into Pennsylvania which only takes a few hours although we were going at a very relaxed pace. We reach the Jersey turnpike where we have to go different ways.

I decide to hitchhike the rest of the way. By the way, this entire time I have had no luggage, not so much as a small backpack. I am wearing jeans, a work shirt and army boots.

I get a few short rides, but I am finally picked up by a blond woman in late middle age. She takes sort of a semi-motherly interest in me and wants to know all about my life. She has a raspy, cigarette destroyed voice like old Lucille Ball had and wanted me to call her Vicky. She said she was going as far as Hartford Connecticut so she would be happy to drop me off at White Plains.

We drive through New York City where she stops for some groceries. She gives me a bag full of white grapes and says I should eat as many as I want. I have almost finished them off when we arrive at the exit by White Plains. I will have to walk a mile or so to get to my Mom's place. I am so looking forward to hugging Mom!

As I am watching Vicky drive away, I wake.

9/20/2021

I bought a pound of "Pimzo's" brand pastrami, which I firmly believed was the finest pastrami money could buy.

I was taking it home, but I got sidetracked. I started to walk by a storefront and I saw that it was set up like a classroom inside. I walked in and took a

seat. There were a few other people there all sitting at high school style classroom desks. None of them seemed to have books or laptops or anything like that. I noticed that the way I had come in was no longer a store front, but just a door to a classroom with a little window in it that showed a corridor lined with lockers on the other side.

There was sort of a tweedy professor type who was lecturing about "natural philosophy", handing down as truths things like the four classical elements and spontaneous generation.

From the back of the room I hear a beautifully modulated female voice. She just had a gorgeous tone. The voice said "You're fulla shit!"

I turned and was startled to see a young woman. She wore a mask that partially covered a face that was horribly scarred from burns and her left arm ended just below the elbow. She walked up to the blackboard and erased everything the tweedy professor had written. She then inserted a piece of chalk into an appliance attached to the stump of her left arm and proceeded to write in beautifully legible writing a lengthy equation that supposedly summed up everything about the universe.

The dream faded.

I know a little of what probably inspired this dream as I saw that a friend had posted on facebook an equation reputed to be exactly what the woman in the dream wrote. I don't speak math so I have no idea how accurate the posted equation was. The one in the dream was, I am sure, gobbledygook.

9/27/2021

Dozed off at my desk after having a martini

I am in my 20s. . I realize now, upon waking that I was better looking and in better shape than I actually was at that age.

I have been hitchhiking in upstate New York. I don't know where I am going, but my ride lets me off near a farm. I decide to see if I can go and make a deal to stay the night in exchange for doing some chores. I reason that there are always little things that need doing on a farm.

It is early fall and I see there is a guy riding a combine through one of the fields harvesting I-don't-know-what. On waking I realize that it was a as farms were in the 50s. It was large, but not full industrial.

It takes me a while to walk up to the house past a few buildings. I see a couple of guys along the way, but the place doesn't seem to have a huge staff. At least not today.

The house is pretty big and there are speakers on poles around it in various places. Crosby, Stills and Nash are playing at the moment.

I find the owner on the porch. She is a tall, blonde older woman. When I say "older", you need to understand that she was considerably younger than I am now in waking life, maybe in her mid 40s.

I introduce myself and ask if there is anything I can do in exchange for staying the night. I said I could sleep in a hayloft if need be.

She looks me over and remarks that I might not be good for that much and that **nobody** sleeps in her hayloft, but she can find a bed for me somewhere. She had a couple of screen doors that needed to be re set so they stayed closed if I knew how to do that. And I claimed that I did. How hard can it be?

She sent me to the kitchen with one of the guys who worked there and he fixed me a big coffee that he gave me in a tall glass for some reason. I took it and went out to the porch where I sat sipping it and I notice that the knees

of my jeans are torn through. I decide to make them into cut offs. Using the scissors on my Swiss Army knife I slowly manage to cut off the left leg just above the knee with my pants still on, but it isn't easy and I figure that I want a refill of coffee before I tackle the other one.

Back in the kitchen I run into the owner again who I tell I will get on those doors just as soon as I finish my coffee.

"Why do you only have one leg on your jeans?" She asks. I explain about the knees being torn out and all that and how I had been going at it with the Swiss knife. "Well no wonder it looks so raggy!"

"Cut-offs are supposed to look a bit raggy."

" No, no,no. Look how you have it cut longer in the back than the front! Give me two minutes with a real pair of shears an I'll straighten you out! Get those pants off and hand 'em to me."

"I'm sorry ma'am, I'm not wearing ant underpants."

"Look, I have raised two boys. You don't have anything I have never seen before! The pants please." She comes up and starts undoing my jeans and takes the zipper down. She remarks with a lascivious tone, "Well look! You are quite a man now, aren't you!"

In my waking life, I had some experience with older women under my belt when I was that age, but in the context of this dream I was considerably more innocent. This lady was not someone I would consider unattractive, but her manner was predatory. I felt a bit like a cornered animal! She grabbed my unit and I panicked.

I was walking back to the road with one long leg and one short leg jeans. As I was walking I woke and saw that I still had a quarter of the martini left.

My behavior in this scenario was a bit weird. When I was actually a young man I was generally down for anything and this had potential to turn into a pleasant interlude. I'm not sure how to interpret this or even if it has any meaning at all.

10/4/2021

I am young, but the world doesn't really look like any time period I have ever lived in. I have taken a job in this sort of hippish/ boutiqueish sort of place that always smells of incense, patchouli and Asian food of some kind or another. It is run by three women who are all on the flaky side, but in a fun way. I work there because it is my ambition to have sex with one of the three owners, a curvy woman who has a generous bust and bottom with bright blue eyes and an unruly mop of curly brunette hair that is quite long. Her smile is amazing. She just is sexually irresistible to me, but I have not as of yet been able to get anything to happen with her.

My job is mostly fixing stuff, getting things off of high shelves, opening jars and those other tasks that women want men around for. They don't sell any one particular kind of item, but rather just obscure or interesting objects, some of them quite obviously rare and valuable.

It is election day and on election day the shop becomes a polling place although a very poorly attended one. There are like three or four people who turn up every year to vote. The one I remember of them was this middle aged black guy with some kind of African accent.

I went for lunch and when I came back I noticed that there was a pole laying on the walk in front of the shop that had a round mirror on one end. It was something they had kept around before I worked there for looking at things on high shelves. The woman I fancied was out front and had been using it to shove through the storm drain grating to find something that had fallen in. The lens from the voting machine.

The voting machine was a device that only this polling place used. It appeared to be an antique. It was hand held about 8 inches on a side made of polished wood. It was a bit like a stereoscope and a bit like a juke box. You looked through the lens and saw inside illuminated by a not very bright small amber light bulb. There was a lever on the side similar to the type seen on a view master that would allow the user to scroll through the candidates for each office and there was a dial that moved a pointer to select one or the other candidate and a button to enter your choice. It was weird and clunky, but also strangely beautiful. As well it was on poor repair and one of the lenses had rolled away and into the storm drain.

I ignored the mirror pole and with some effort lifted up the grating and climbed down into the drain. It was moist and sort of mildewy smelling but there wasn't any actual standing water in the bottom. I quickly found the lens and scrambled out of the drain. The grating was back in place, but I don't actually remember specifically putting it back. I hand the woman the lens and she is very grateful. I say "Perhaps you could reward me by letting me take you out?"

She looks puzzled. "Out where?"

"I dunno. Someplace romantic."

She smiles. "Hey, if you want to fuck, we can fuck, but let's not make this transactional. Just accept my thanks and later we can get together and snuggle."

I indicate that it sounds like a good plan and she sends me into the shop to fix the voting machine while the African guy is patiently waiting to vote. I replace the lens and put a strip of duct tape on the eyepiece for good measure and hand the guy the machine. It plays tinny ragtime music when in use. He registers his ballot and hands the device back to me and he starts musing aloud about the democratic system.

He starts talking about what an unsuccessful president Benjamin Franklin had been even though he had possessed one of the finest minds of his era. In this reality apparently Franklin had served a term as president. The African told me that although he was brilliant, he was also easily distracted and horribly bored by the mundane grind of administration. As well he was a total horndog and was always trying to get other men's wives into bed. He only avoided impeachment because of his nigh god-like founding father status.

The dream faded and I woke up because I had to go to the bathroom.

10/9/2021

I am at a guys only nudist resort. Most of the people there are the backward hatted, dudebro types who are always pointing out that they don't think I "lift" even at all. At least there is beer everywhere although its mostly Coors. There is this one guy who won't stop pestering me because he thinks I'm someone famous. "Hey! You're that guy, right? I love your shit!, Seriously, dude!"

I wake.

10/11/2021

I am walking through a stand of trees. I am with a blonde woman who is young and slender, not skinny, but nor does she have very pronounced curves and she is rather flat-chested with only slight mounds for breasts. She is wearing a pure white, close fitting sheath dress that reaches to just above her knees. I am in fact transfixed by how it clings to her body leaving little to the imagination. For some reason I cannot see her face though.

We come upon the ruins of a Greek temple with fallen columns and broken bass relief friezes. There are wild flowers growing through the cracked and ancient tiles of the floor.

As we walk around the temple it somehow becomes as it was in ancient times, in perfect condition and painted in bright colors. There is some sort of ceremony going on that involves much merriment and wine. A young girl approaches us bearing a large crater full of dark red wine and invites us to drink. I take a sip. It is rich, fruity and intoxicating. The woman I am with takes the crater, lifts it to her lips and takes big gulps. Wine spills past her lips and runs down her front soaking her dress and staining it deep red.

The dream fades.

10/22/2021

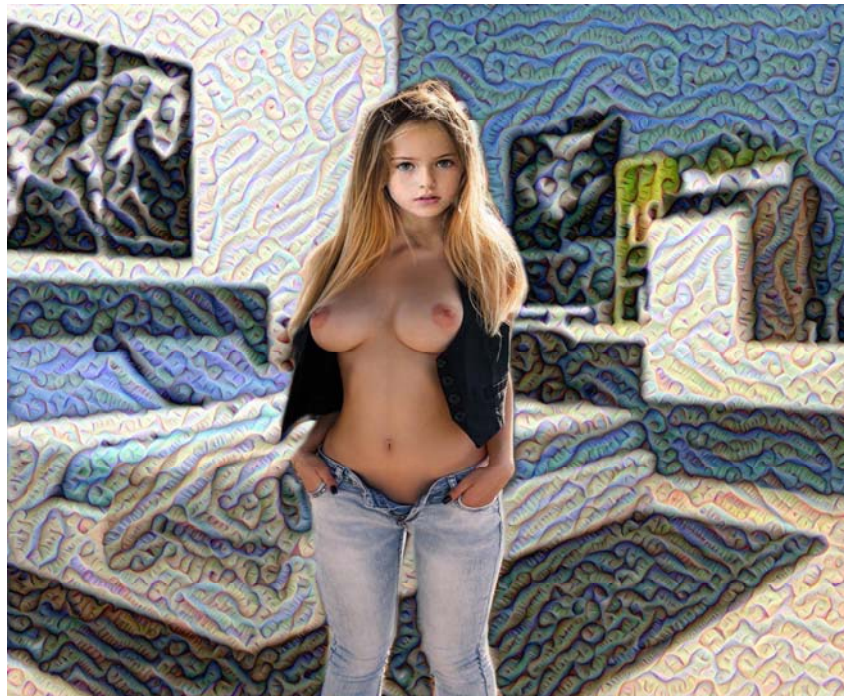
Two different dreams from the same sleep

I am an astronaut in a very primitive one man spacecraft. It is neither a Vostok nor a Mercury, but very much in keeping with that era. It is tiny, cramped and feels dangerous.

I have been in orbit for a day and I have just fired the rocket that will slow me down enough so that I will fall back into the atmosphere. I am surrounded by fire, and then blue sky. My parachute opens and I drift down. I see below me a sea of green, it is a dense jungle. I hit the trees with the sound of cracking branches and then hit the ground with a thump.

Through my tiny window I see that I am surrounded by angry chimpanzees. They are baring their teeth and beating on the space capsule with their fists. I am aware that there is a lever on the hatch that will open it and I am hoping they don't find it.

I wake briefly and roll over



I arrive home to find a young woman in my apartment. She is blonde, with a nice figure. She turns toward me and I see that she has the face of a child,

beautiful, but very young. She opens her top revealing a truly excellent pair of breasts. I find the juxtaposition of her face and body very disturbing.

Dream Journal 10/23/2021

I went to Newbury Comics which was very crowded and they were only letting in small groups at a time. To go in, we had to leave any bags or backpacks with the guy at the register. I left my backpack and my pants and shirt as well holding onto only my bike map of Boston.



To get to the room where the comics were I had to go down a tight little hall that seemed to be inside of a wall. Half way there it suddenly hit me that my wallet was in my pants and I wouldn't be able to buy anything because I was just naked with a map. There was a door and I just left.

So I was on the grass just outside the store and I was now fully clothed again. In the grass I discover a small ripped open package that contained five tiny human babies. They were making little whimpering noises, but I had to listen hard to hear them.



They were about the size of hamsters and they were all deformed in some way I didn't think they could possibly survive and I decided that I had to get rid of them.



I had absolutely no humanity in my decision. I determined to find a public restroom and flush them down a toilet. I figured that they were doomed anyway. I don't know if I actually executed my plan because I was next at home without the babies.

I went into the bathroom and discovered that the toilet had been disconnected in my absence and replaced with a little child sized model. I presumed that the landlord had done this for some reason and then I heard sounds from the living room. Thinking it was the landlord I called his name and a voice responded "He's not here".

I walked into the living room and there were three identical guys, triplets. Young, fit, very handsome. They were the guys the landlord hired to replace the toilet and now they were watching television in my living room. They didn't know why the landlord wanted the toilet replaced.



I asked why they were still there and they said they had been hired for the whole day. One of them said "Your cunt of a neighbor told us to watch our language. Can you believe that?"

2

"Unbelievable." I said

I woke.

10/30/2021

For some reason I am in a rich people's home, but it doesn't seem like a party. Just a visit.

I am walking through a hall and encounter a maid, but she is wearing a stereotypical porny French Maid outfit. She doesn't look much like a stereotypical porn actress though. She is short and dumpy, has a bad complexion. She seems to be Hispanic. she is pushing an upright vacuum cleaner, but it sounds more like a person imitating the sound of a vacuum cleaner. I realize that it is a guy in a vacuum cleaner costume! I become aware that most of the object in the hall are members of the household staff in costume. A painting on the wall, an end table, a trash can, etc.

I wake.

10/31/2021

I am having a heated argument with a co worker. We work in some sort of factory. I don't know what we make. The supervisor sees what is happening and throws us both out telling us not to return until we have settled things. He said conflict causes safety concerns and he wasn't going to see any on his shift, end of story. So we are out in the parking lot, still arguing and the other guy finally throws up his hands and walks away.

I am sitting on a box on one side of the parking lot and I see five or six naked teenage girls sort of roller skating in the parking lot, The girls have coltish figures, not lushly proportioned at all. Sort of narrow hips and small breasts. Legs that seem a trifle too long for them. They have skates on their hands as well as their feet and are mostly skating on all fours. Once in a



while one of them will attempt to do it in a hand stand or with just one hand and one foot. They fall down a lot but don't seem to get any injuries. I am thoroughly enjoying watching them in this sort of awkward nude ballet on wheels.

It fades.

11/3/2021

I come across a mechanical, maybe nano-mechanical woman.

She looks dark brown with yellow portions. she is nude and utterly hairless with blank eyes that are the same color as the rest of her. Her proportions are curvy with a narrow waist, broad hips and large breasts, Not huge and exaggerated, but notably large.

She seduces me into sexual contact. We don't have intercourse, but she manually induces me to ejaculate. The drops fall on the floor and each drop forms itself into a tiny replica of her.

The dream fades

11/8/2021

Larry David has engaged me as a personal shopper. He wants me to get him a USB flash card reader. The weird thing is that he hired me when we were both in a photography shop that sells them, but he was offering to pay me so I figured what the hell.

I'm looking over a few of them and I decide on one that can read any kind of card as well as flash drives and has a plug in power adapter so it can do them all at once if he wants. It costs around forty bucks and I pick it up and bring it to his house.

Larry is delighted! It is exactly the one he had been looking at at the store. He pays for it and pays me, plus he also gives me a HUGE frozen TV dinner, like three feet long by two feet! Fried chicken with peas, carrots, mashed potatoes and cherry cobbler! I have no idea how I'm going to cook it.

I wake.

11/11/2021

I dozed off in the break room at work.

I'm on the bus and there is this guy sitting across from me, an obvious stereotypical stoner. He catches my eye and says " Ya'know what bugs me, man? I mean really bugs the shit out of me? It's that 'pelican' seems like only part of a word. Like it should be 'kerpelican' or 'pelicannery' or 'archipeilcan' or something like that. I just bugs me, that's all."

I don't say anything because I really have no idea what the appropriate response is.

I am awakened by someone's phone making a noise in the room.

11/17/2021

Dozed off at my desk shortly after getting home from work.



I'm in an orchard. I walk around a tree and Mr. Natural is standing there. He is an animated cartoon. He is voiced by Danny DeVito. He looks at me and says "Ya'know, almost everyone who thinks they're Kramer is really George!"

I wake with a start.

11/20/2021

Once again passed out at my desk

I am in my bed. sitting on my bed near my feet is a plumpish nude woman. She doesn't speak, but I can tell from the look on her face that she is criticizing the size of my penis.



I wake with a start and knock over what is left of my wine.

11/23/2021

I am 19 and I am hitchhiking on the Garden State parkway in New Jersey. I was visiting a girl and things had not gone well and we might not be a thing anymore.

This guy picks me up and is heading for the city. He is an odd guy in a sort

of wrinkled blue business suit with a pencil line mustache like Bud Abbot. He talks real fast and sort of loud and I'm thinking that he is a coke head.

I end up telling him about how I had a fight with the girl and he says, " Hey! Ya'know what you need? You need some uncomplicated pussy is what you need! When we get to the city, I'm gonna treat you to a whore! On me, I swear. I'm doin' ok and I just want to help another guy out."

I am not the least bit interested, but this guy is making this offer seemingly out of the goodness of his coked up heart. I don't want to be rude. So I try to come up with a plausible lie. "That's awfully kind of you mister, but I promised my mother on her deathbed that I would never see any whores. I promised it to my dying mother!"

The guy looks serious and doesn't talk for a minute, but then he says, " I understand, and you're a good boy to keep your promise."

For some reason I feel like shit for lying. He lets me off at the Tappan Zee bridge.

I wake

11/24/2021

I am walking in the rain in downtown Boston somewhere near Washington street/Downtown crossing. I am carrying an umbrella. It is black and larger than usual. Strangely I run into my ex wife with an ex girlfriend (now deceased).

They recognize me and we start talking all gathered under my big umbrella. The weather is getting worse and lightning and thunder is happening. The two women seem unaware of it, but I am becoming wary about standing in the open holding the metal framed umbrella. I notice that as we are talking that the shaft of the umbrella is growing longer and it is lifting the cloth canopy higher and higher. the metal isn't stretching but rather telescoping with new sections sliding out one by one. The canopy is now some twenty feet up and it provides almost no cover from the rain, but

only I am getting soaked while the two women are completely dry and still merrily chatting.

I wake.

11/27/2021

I am a young woman. I live in a large second floor apartment by myself. It is in an older building with hardwood floors and a number of carved wood fixtures. There are three bedrooms and a couple of bathrooms and a huge kitchen. I have no idea how I afford the place.

I am reading in my living room when I see a movement from the corner of my eye. I look and see a college age girl standing there. She sees That I have seen her and scampers away. I get up and go after her shouting "What are you doing in my house?" I finally corner her, roughly grab her by the arm and push her out the door.

It is a different time and I see her again with two boys. I tell them to leave, but they just sneer at me. I dial 911 to report a home invasion. To my surprise, instead of them sending several uniformed cops a single plainclothes detective shows up. He is a sort of unkempt looking guy maybe two days in want of a shave in a somewhat wrinkled suit. He is competent enough. He pulls his revolver on the three and arrests them. They protest that they have a right to be there because they are better than me. They are taken away in a paddy wagon. I offer the detective some coffee and when I'm in the kitchen making it I notice a lion sitting in the corner. I leave the kitchen to go get the detective. I bring him back and show him the lion. "Wow! I think that's Monty!" he exclaims.

"Monty?"

"Up until a couple of years ago there was this friendly lion that lived here in town, he acted like a kitty cat, loved to be petted. People called him Monty. Two years ago around Christmas, he just disappeared. This one looks just like him."

"What are you going to do?"

"I think I'm going to pet him!" I thought he must be crazy. He wasn't sure this was a friendly lion. Even so he walked right up to him and scritchd him behind the ear. The lion purred, a deep bass sound, and rubbed his head against the detective's leg. "Yep, it's Monty alright!"

"How did he get here"

"I dunno. Maybe those kids let him in."

"Can you take him away?"

"He seems to like it here. Just give him some meat."

Later I'm again sitting reading when I see more college kids in my place. There are about ten of them this time. They are drinking my liquor and raiding my fridge. Two of them are fucking on my couch. The lion isn't around.

I call the cops and the detective comes back. He chases them out and down the street shooting over their heads. The kids are shouting that they would get even.

I wake.

12/12/2021

I dozed off at my desk. I was out about a half hour.

I am in a mountainous region. A man in a long robe with a long black beard stands upon a high summit. He puckers his lips and whistles. It is a single high clear note and so pure it sounds like it is played by a fife.

In the distance there as a a roar, a cheer of a thousand voices. and then the sound of an army marching. A road winds between the peaks and along that

road marches a column of robed and bearded men ten abreast led by a dozen of dancing women in diaphanous gowns.

The men are singing a phrase over and over again:

Tai zun dadi dadi zun dai ya!

Tai zun dadi dadi zun dai ya!

Tai zun dadi dadi zun dai ya!

Tai zun dadi dadi zun dai ya!

I wake with a start.

12/14/2021

First Sleep

I am at work, some sort of desk job. I get a phone call. There is a huge amount of static on the line. I hear a voice. It breaks up a lot, but he says "Seth, It's Jason. " As it happens I know a number of Jasons. "I'm sorry to have to give you this news. John died." I also know a lot of Johns, but I am alarmed enough to need to know more.

"John who?" I demand. The static is crackling in my ear and I am becoming impatient.

"It's John (*Bzzzt crackle bzzt*)

"Say that again. John who?" The line crackles and goes dead. I'm pissed off and hang up the phone.

I wake briefly and go back to sleep.

Second sleep

as I was waking I did not at first realize this was a dream.

Some sort of reward event for work. We were all supplied with a device for making large round waffles. It was in a molded plastic case and was a waffle iron that would make a waffle 12" in diameter. It had a keyboard and screen like a laptop and you could select the characteristics of the waffle you wanted to make on the screen. We never saw the raw batter, it was just injected from somewhere and after a couple of minutes the device would open up and there would be the warm delicious waffle!

We were given a separate case that we could put our finished waffles in to take them home. Each waffle maker had a number and we were responsible for returning them. We would have to pay for them if we lost them. I remember I found one with a waffle still in it and I was trying to find who it belonged to so I could return it to them.

As I was waking up, I really believed that I had a refrigerator full of huge waffles.

12/20/2021

I am 16 years old. I am at a Unitarian summer camp. There is a girl there. She is beautiful. I want to have sex with her. It is pretty much all I can think about. She is amenable to the idea, but for her it has all kinds of spiritual trappings.

She wants to bring me to a special place. It is out in the woods. There is a lean-to where we can put a sleeping bag and she promises that we will make love there, but she needs to show me something first. There is a row of wax candles on a log outside the lean-to. She tell me to light one and to then be very quiet. I light one near the middle of the row with a Bic lighter. I am about to also use it to light a joint, but she slaps it out of my hand and tells me to pay attention.

From the flame I have just lit is coming a very quiet voice. I need to strain to hear it. The flame is telling a story about a couple in love. The story happened long ago in a different time, a different civilization. Nulus and Kinta had determined to marry even though Kinta had been promised by her father to Ruko, the son of his business associate. Kinta found Ruko detestable had begged Nulus to kill him so she could be with him instead. Nulus trapped Ruko in a dark place and slit his throat and he died. Nulus was horrified at what he had done and became mad. He carefully cut off Ruko's face and he wore it upon his own like a mask and he went to Kinta and told her that he was now Ruko and claimed her as his bride. Kinta screamed and killed him with a dagger for which she was beheaded. The candle was reduced to a puddle of wax and snuffed out.

The girl asked me to light another and that candle told me another tale of tragic love until it too burned out and then a third and a fourth until I asked what the point of all of this was. I asked again and again, but all she did was smile.

I woke.

12/25/2021

I am watching a particularly weird British comedy movie that stars Alec Guinness and John Cleese as a pair of brothers who hate each other. In this film they are around the same age. It is in black and white and apparently made in the early '60s.

The doorbell rings. Standing at my door is a skinny, but obviously pregnant sort of hillbilly looking girl. She might have been pretty had her face not been contorted into a snarl. She is holding a large revolver, but at least it isn't pointed at me. "I need to talk to Guillermo." she says.

"Oh. You rang the wrong bell, he lives upstairs."

"Sorry." She says and presses the correct bell.

I go back to my movie as I hear Guillermo stomping down the stairs above.

It fades.

12/28/2021

I am working at some high concept company that has its headquarters by the side of a mountain highway. The building is large, but only one story above ground so you sometimes have to walk a long way to get from point A to point B. The company is co-owned by this super rich guy who thinks he is a great adventurer and Marilyn Monroe. The guy is a big blowhard, MM is fairly down to earth.

Everyone who works there also lives there. The basement is all dormitories. For some reason my mother also has a bedroom down there that she never leaves. It is just her and her books.

I'm not at all sure what the nature of our business is, but at least part of it involves moving cargo from place to place. The boss always drives the truck with Marilyn riding shotgun.

My job is pretty wide open. Usually I am taking inventory of odd bits of salvage and estimating their value to the company. Anything that I mark as having less than a certain value I either dispose of or I can keep for myself.

One thing I kept was a giant telescope made from PVC tubes.

One time I see that the truck is coming back from a run and goes out of control and runs off the mountain. The boss goes over with the truck and presumably is killed but Marilyn Monroe is thrown free and lands by the side of the road unconscious.

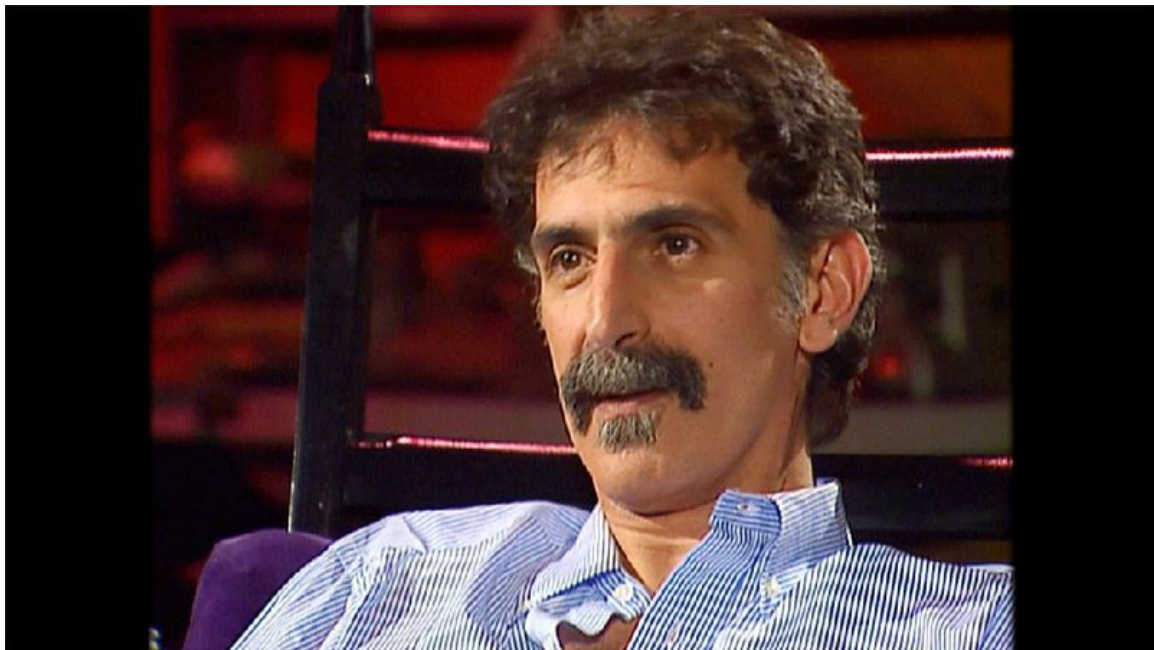
I run to find my direct supervisor to tell him what happened. I am running everywhere and asking everyone where he is and this goes on for a long time until the dream fades away.

12/30/2021

Frank Zappa shows up at my door. He wants to buy a cigar box uke from me. I show him a few and he tries them out one by one attempting to play pyrotechnic solo leads on them. The instruments are obviously not up to his chops. They won't stay in tune. One actually has a string break.

He puts the last one down and suddenly "realizes" that he has forgotten his wallet. I tell him to get the fuck out of my house.

Don't patronize me, Zappa!



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Caves: 1/14/2021

Celebrity (unknown to me): 5/12/2021

Celebrity, mistaken for: 10/9/2021

Celebrity headed key: 6/9/2021

Cell phone: 6/19/2021, (steampunk)
7/3/2021

Center pieces: 2/7/2021

Central Square: 2/2/2021

Chai: 6/13/2021

Chaos: 7/27/2021

Chalfen, Rob: 9/5/2021

Chappelle, Dave: 6/9/2021

Cheerleader: 9/5/2021

Chicago: 9/16/2021

Chimpanzees: 10/22/2021

Church of the SubGenius: 7/6/2021

Cigar: 2/22/2021

Cigar Boxes: 3/17/2021

Cigar box ukulele: 12/30/2021

“Circuit board” invertebrates: 2/7/2021

City, ceramic: 7/10/2021

City (distant): 6/4/2021

Clams, fried: 2/4/2021

Classical elements: 9/20/2021

Classroom: 9/20/2021

Cleese, John: 12/25/2021

Clinton, Hillary: 8/31/2021

Clock, mechanical: 8/10/2021

Clothes pin: 4/20/2021

Cocaine: 2/25/2021

Cocktail party: 7/8/2021

Coffee: 9/27/2021

Coke bottle monument: 4/12/2021

Cokehead: 11/23/2021

Collapse of civilization: 7/6/2021

College kids: 11/27/2021

Comedy, British: 12/25/2021

Compartments: 4/25/2021

Concert: 1/9/2021

Con job: 3/14/2021

Cookie: 6/13/2021

Copenhagen: 9/5/2021

Cordyceps: 2/7/2021

Corridor: 5/12/2021

Costumes: 10/30/2021

Corn country: 3/14/2021

Coupon: 9/5/2021

Co-Worker: 4/3.0/2021

Coyote, Wyle E.: 3/11/2021

Crazy man: 2/25/2021

Creature, immense: 3/6/2021

Crow: 6/4/2021

Crowd: 10/23/2021

Crying: 6/23/2021

Cub-scout: 4/30/2021

Cut-offs: 9/27/2021

Cups, plastic: 3/11/2021

Curlicue print: 5/8/2021

Czech Republic: 2/4/2021

D

Dandelions: 8/28/2021

Date: 6/27/2021

Daughter, rabbi's: 6/27/2021

Daughter, Woody Allen's: 7/8/2021

David, Larry: 11/8/2021

Dead friends: 7/27/2021

Décolletage: 6/11/2021

Deliquescence: 7/6/2021

Delivery man: 9/5/2021

Denver: 9/5/2021

Desert: 4/10/2021

Detective: 11/27/2021

Distribution center: 3/11/2021

Dirty air: 3/21/2021

Doctor: 2/25/2021

Dog : (Emanuel) 1/25/2021, (in a suitcase)
3/14/2021, (talking golden retriever)
6/13/2021 (talking Jack Russell)
9/12/2021

Dogs (growling): 3/11/2021

Donald fucking Trump: 7/26/2021

Doorbell: 12/25/2021

Dormitories: 12/28/2021

Dowager: 3/14/2021, 6/11/2021

Drink with umbrella: 2/25/2021

Drucker, Sam: 6/9/2021

Drymounting shop: 4/8/2021

Dude bros: 10/9/2021

Dull life: 6/11/2021

Dumont, Margaret: 3/14/2021

DVDs, disturbing porn: 2/25/2021

“Dwee-doop”: 4/27/2021

E

Eat the dog: 1/25/2021

Electric recording: 9/5/2021

Elves: 7/8/2021

Emotional intelligence: 6/25/2021

Energy beings: 1/18/2021

Escape: 6/4/2021

European car: 2/4/2021

Evolution: 4/10/2021

F

Factory: 10/31/2021

Family: 5/15/2021

Farm: 9/27/2021

Father: 2/4/2021

Fat men (naked): 2/7/2021

Featureless face: 2/25/2021

Fellatio: 5/12/2021, 6/27/2021,
7/16/2021

Female human: 8/2/2021

Fences: 2/22/2021

Fence post: 6/4/2021

Fertilization: 4/25/2021

Field, grassy: 8/28/2021

Firemen (gay): 2/4/2021

Flag: 2/22/2021

Flash, The: 7/18/2021

Foreign: 1/6/2021

Franklin. Benjamin: 10/4/2021

Fraud: 6/4/2021

Freeway: 2/4/2021

French maid: 10/30/2021

Friend: 6/25/2021

Frozen pizza: 5/15/2021

"Fuddaduba": 7/4/2021

Fungus: 2/7/2021

Future: 1/18/2021, 3/6/2021

G

Gas station: 4/8/2021

Guillermo (neighbor): 12/25/2021

Girls: (pretty, buxom) 2/7/2021, (twins): 2/4/2021, (rich, dead): 6/19/2021, (young): 6/11/2021, (nude) 7/8/2021, (red haired) 7/31/2021 (Pink dress) 8/28/2021, (Speaks all languages) 9/12/2021, (bearing wine) 10/12/2021, (nude, skating) 10/31/2021, (I want to have sex with) 12/20/2021

Girl: (fight with): 11/23/2021

Girl (hillbilly): 12/25/2021

Girlfriend, ex: 11/24/2021

Girl, teenage: 7/8/2021, 7/31/2021, 10/31/2021

Game: 1/6/2021, 2/22/2021

Garden State Parkway: 11/23/2021

Gears: 12/29/2020

George: 11/17/2021

Goddess: 1/8/2021, 1/14/2021

Gold coins: 2/25/2021

"Gongs": 1/18/2021

Grandmother: 6/11/2021

Grapes: 9/16/2021

Greek temple: 10/11/2021

Green Lantern: 7/18/2021

Green silk blouse: 1/9/2021

Groceries: 5/15/2021

Grocery store: 8/7/2021

Guilt: 11/23/2021

Guilt, covering: 6/23/2021

Guinness, Alec: 12/25/2021

Gun: 2/13/2021, 2/22/2021, 12/25/2021

H

Hairstyle, beehive: 6/27/2021

Hairstyles (elaborate): 6/4/2021

Half price: 3/11/2021

Hallway, narrow: 10/23/2021

Hartman, Phil: 8/31/2021

Harvard: 1/9/2021

Hat, big: 7/8/2021

Hawk: 6/23/2021

Helman, Milo: 9/5/2021

Herd: 7/4/2021

Heroes: 6/25/2021

Hiding out: 3/14/2021

High shelves: 10/4/2021

Highway, mountain: 12/28/2021

Hippies: 2/2/2021

Hippie festival: 7/8/2021

Hippie shop: 10/4/2021

Hips, child bearing: 6/27/2021

Hitchhiking: 6/4/2021, 7/4/2021,
9/16/2021, 9/27/2021, 11/23/2021

Hobo: 7/12/2021

Hojo cola: 2/4/2021

Hole in ice: 3/17/2021

Home invasion: 11/27/2021

Horn: 2/22/2021

Horse: 2/2/2021

Hot dogs: 5/15/2021

Hot inside: 3/17/2021

Hot tub: 6/27/2021

Hotel: 3/14/2021, 5/12/2021

Housekeeper: 5/8/2021

Household staff: 10/30/2021

Howard Johnson's: 2/4/2021

"Hulk" Guy: 9/12/2021

Humanity: 1/18/2021

Husband: 3/14/2021

I

Ice fishing shack: 3/17/2021

Ice wilderness: 3/17/2021

Indian (Native American): 2/22/2021

Inner sanctum: 1/1/2021

Innocent: 6/11/2021

Insects: 2/7/2021, 8/2/2021

Insect, predatory: 6/23/2021:

Insect people: 4/10/2021, 5/8/2021

Internet: 2/4/202

Intimate venue: 6/4/2021

Invertebrates: 2/7/2021

Iron Pyrite: 2/22/2021

J

Jason: 12/14/2021

Jeans: 9/27/2021

Jersey Turnpike: 9/16/2021

Jism: 5/12/2021, wreath of: 6/11/2021

Job: 12/14/2021, 12/28/2021

John: 12/14/2021

John Harvard's: 1/9/2021, 2/21/2021

June bug: 7/6/2021

Jungle: 8/2/2021

K

Kansas? : 6/4/2021

Kansas City: 3/14/2021

Kids (buzzing like bees): 4/10/2021

Kilts: 6/4/2021, (tartan) 6/9/2021

Kirk, Captain James T.: 7/24/2021

Kiss: 2/22/2021

Kitten, tiny: 6/23/2021

Kramer: 1/17/2021

L

Lady customer: 3/11/2021

Lamp shop: 6/13/2021

Latin: 6/4/2021

Lean-to: 12/20/2021

Lemonade: 6/27/2021

Lemon juice: 6/23/2021

Lesbian: 6/4/2021

Lightning: 11/24/2021

Lion, Monty: 11/27/2021

List: 3/11/2021

Little people: 8/20/2021

London: 7/10/2021

Love, tragic: 12/20/2021

M

Machine: 12/29/2020, 2/22/2021, 3/17/2021

Magic act: 2/4/2021

Magnets: 1/6/2021

Mamaroneck Avenue: 4/27/2021

Map: 10/23/2021

Martian Manhunter: 7/18/2021

Mating: 8/2/2021

Masks: 8/7/2021

Masturbation: 7/31/2021

Mayberry: 3/11/2021

Meat: 4/20/2021

Mall: 9/5/2021

Me, gender swapped: 11/27/2021

Me, preteen: 6/23/2021

Meme: 4/30/2021

Men, nude: 7/10/2021

Menace: 8/20/2021

Messages: 4/20/2021

Microwave oven: 6/23/2021

Midwest: 2/4/2021

Mirror: 10/4/2021

Monroe, Marilyn: 12/28/2021

Moon, Keith: 2/21/2021

Mother, mine: 3/11/2021, 6/23/2021,
9/16/2021

Mother, nude pictures for: 6/27/2021

Mountainous country: 12/12/2021

Mouse: 1/3/2021

Movie: 2/13/2021

Mushroom butter: 7/8/2021

Music: 5/15/2021

Mustache, pencil line: 11/23/2021

N

Naked in a sheet: 3/17/2021

Nanomachine: 3/6/2021

Nanomechanical woman: 11/3/2021

National Geographic magazine:
3/29/2021

Natural, Mr.: 11/17/2021

Neighbor: 4/20/2021

Negligee: 1/1/2021

Newbury Comics: 10/23/2021

Newton, MA: 6/13/2021

New York: 6/4/2021, 6/13/2021,
9/16/2021

New York, upstate: 1/25/2021,
9/27/2021

Non-human: 4/25/2021

Noodles: 3/17/2021

Notes: 4/20/2021

Nudist resort: 10/9/2021

Nudity: 8/31/2021

Nudity, me: 7/3/2021, 10/23/2021

O

Ohio: 9/16/2021

Oil drums: 1/6/2021

Online job: 3/21/2021

Overcast: 6/4/2021

P

Packages: 4/8/2021, 4/20/2021

Pagan: 6/4/2021

Paint: 1/14/2021, (peeling blue)
3/11/2021

Pancakes: 9/16/2021

Parade: 4/27/2021

Parking lot: 10/31/2021

Party: 5/12/2021, 7/3/2021, 7/27/2021

Pasture: 7/4/2021

Patriotic: 1/6/2021

Pastrami, Pimzo's: 9/20/2021

Paul, Frank R.: 7/10/2021

Penis size: 11/20/2021

People, prefect: 7/10/2021

Pearls: 3/14/2021, necklace 6/11/2021

Pelican: 11/11/2021

Penguinette: 2/21/2021

Peons: 6/4/2021

Personal shopper: 11/8/2021

Phalli: 6/11/2021

Phone: 4/8/2021, 12/14/2021

Pies: 2/4/2021

Pigs-in-blankets: 7/3/2021

Pinnocchio: 7/24/2021

Pipe, tobacco: 7/21/2021

Plague: 6/19/2021

Plastic model kit: 1/8/2021

Plastic wrap: 4/20/2021

Plates, wicker: 7/27/2021

Play, college: 7/3/2021

Plum: 7/6/2021

Poodle (Emanuel): 1/25/2021

Porcupossum quill: 4/10/2021

Pornographic spectacle: 6/4/2021

Power Girl: 7/18/2021

Prairie: 6/4/2021

Press conference: 7/24/2021

Priest (Father Kowalsi): 7/16/2021

Professor (tweedy): 9/20/2021

Progressive rock: 4/27/2021

Protozoa: 3/21/2021

Q

"Quest" Dream: 9/12/2021

Quill, porcupossum: 4/10/2021

R

Rabbits: 6/4/2021

Race: 4/20/2021

Ragtime: 4/27/2021, 10/4/2021

Rain: 11/24/2021

Rain forest: 7/10/2021

Ravished: 6/11/2021

Resort: 2/7/2021

Returning home from Midwest:
9/16/2021

Review, bad: 7/3/2021

Ribbon, white: 3/17/2021

Richard, Keith: 2/21/2021

Rich people: 10/30/2021

Road (unpaved): 6/4/2021

Road, rural: 7/4/2021

Road trip: 2/4/2021

Robot: 3/21/2021

Rocket ship: 2/25/2021

Rogen, Seth: 2/25/2021

Roller skates: 3/11/2020, 10/31/2021

Rome: 7/24/2021

Roman Empire: 6/4/2021

Room, empty: 8/28/2021

Roommates: 5/8/2021

"Ronny": 5/12/2021

Ruins: 10/12/2021

S

Sailors: 6/11/2021

Sailor suit: 6/9/2021, 6/11/2021

Sandwiches: 2/7/2021

Sanyal, Devi (nonexistent Bollywood
actress): 3/17/2021

Sari, blue: 3/17/2021

Saturday Night Live: 8/31/2021

Saturn: 2/25/2021

Sausage: 4/20/2021

Saxophone: 4/27/2021

Scott: 5/15/2021, 7/6/2021

Screen doors: 9/27/2021

Seltzer: 7/27/2021

Sex: 1/9/2021, 10/4/2021

Shirtless: 8/7/2021

Shower: 7/16/2021

Shatner, William: 7/24/2021

Sick: 1/18/2021

Singer, curvy: 3/14/2021

Singing: 12/12/2021

Slavery: 8/2/2021

Sledge: 8/2/2021

Slugs from space, giant: 7/18/2021

Small town: 3/11/2021, 4/12/2021

Smoke (blue): 2/13/2021

Song (French) 2/4/2021

Spectacle: 6/4/2021

Speedo: 2/7/2021

Spiders: 2/7/2021

Spillane, Mickey: 2/13/2021

Spray paint: 3/21/2021

Squirrel: 4/30/2021

Starbucks: 4/30/2021

Star ship: 3/21/2021

Star Trek: 7/24/2021

Static: 12/14/2021

Statue of Liberty: 3/29/2021

Steampunk: 6/4/2021

Stockholm: 9/5/2021

Stola: 6/4/2021

Stoner: 11/11/2021

Storefront: 9/20/2021

Story of the World: 7/10/2021

Stove, potbelly: 3/17/2021

Suburban: 2/22/2021

Suitcase: 3/14/2021

Summer Camp: 10/20/2021

Superman: 7/18/2021

Super villain: 6/13/2021

T

Tablet: 4/30/2021

Taco salad: 7/12/2021

Talk show: 7/24/2021

Tappan Zee Bridge: 11/23/2021

Tariffs: 2/4/2021

Teenagers: 1/6/202

Telescope: 12/28/2021

Tents: 4/10/2021

Text message: 2/21/2021

Theme Park: 7/26/2021

Thunder: 11/24/2021

Tiger stripes: 3/21/2021

Tiled room: 7/27/2021

Toaster/oven: 12/29/2020

Togas: 6/4/2021

Toilet: 10/23/2021

Tools: 3/17/2021

Totalitarian: 1/6/2021

Train: 3/14/2021

Train museum: 8/24/2021

Training camp: 4/20/2021

Triplets: 10/23/2021

Truck: 12/28/2021

Truck stop: 2/4/2021

Turkey (frozen): 7/16/2021

Tunnel: 3/6/2021

TV: 3/21/2021, 7/18/2021, 10/23/2021

TV Dinner: 11/8/2021

U

Umbrella: 11/24/2021

Underground ship: 6/9/2021

Unhappy crew: 3/21/2021

Uniforms: 2/4/2021, 7/21/2021

Uniforms (sexy): 2/7/2021

Urn, Grecian: 6/11/2021

USB card reader: 11/8/2021

V

Vacuum cleaner: 10/30/2021

Verne, Jules: 6/9/2021

Vienna: 9/5/2021

Vietnamese food: 9/5/2021

Village: 1/14/2021

Vivid sex dream: 1/9/2021, 6/27/2021, 7/31/2021

Void: 3/17/2021

Voice over: 2/13/2021

Voting machine: 10/4/2021

W

Waffles: 12/14/2021

Wallet: 1/25/2021

Watertown: 4/30/2021, 7/10/2021

Weeping: 3/21/2021

Wet: 11/24/2021

White Plains, NY: 4/27/2021, 9/16/2021

Wife, ex: 11/24/2021

Whore: 11/23/2021

Window, Bathroom: 6/23/2021

Window, tiny: 3/17/2021

Windows, removed: 4/8/2021

Windows (wire glass): 3/11/2021

Wine: 10/11/2021

“Winsomme”: 12/29/2020

Wisdom: 6/25/2021

Woman: (intruder in negligee) 1/1/2021, (sexy) 1/9/2021, (fussy, fluttery blonde) 1/25/2021, (gangster girlfriend) 2/13/2021 (Blonde, slender, '60s suburbanite) 2/22/2021 (in bikini by the pool) 2/25/2021, (chanteuse) 3/14/2021, (Kansas City dowager) 3/14/2021, (Bollywood actress) 3/17/2021, (online customer) 3/21/2021 (older) 4/8/2021, (red haired) 4/8/2021, (resembles Jennifer Connelly) 4/10/2021, (muscular, athletic) 4/20/2021, (Co-worker with fabulous breasts) 4/30/2021, (nude brunette) 5/12/2021, (nude black woman) 5/12/2021, (peon lesbian erotic actress) 6/4/2021, (grandmother) 6/11/2021, (faceless assistant), 6/13/2021, (doesn't see me) 6/13/2021, (Debbie, bath house date) 6/27/2021 (redhead in bath house) 6/27/2021

(Bouncy blonde Chrissy) 9/5/2021, (middle aged, blonde Vicky) 9/16/2021, (burn victim amputee with beautiful voice) 9/20/2021, (blonde, middle aged) 9/27/2021, (Curvy brunette hippie shop keeper) 10/4/2021, (thin, blonde, white dress) 10/11/2021 (nude, plump) 11/20/2021 (ex wife) 11/24/2021, (ex girlfriend) 11/24/2021

“Wonder bra”: 2/18/2021

Wonder Woman: 7/18/2021

Wood: 12/29/2020

Woods: 10/11/2021

Wooden crate: 3/11/2021

Wool: 8/14/2021

Worms, marine: 3/17/2021

Wrestlers: 7/16/2021

X

X-ray: 4/30/2021

Y

Yellow school bus: 1/25/2021

Z

Zappa, Frank: 4/27/2021, 12/30/2021

